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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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HOISTING THE OLD FLAG.—Drawn by Sol Eytinge, Jun.—[See Poem, Page 435.]

An Old Private and a Young Captain. "Now, Grandpa, stand ready to salute the Old Flag!"

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1884.

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THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.

THERE is unusual interest in the action of the Democratic National Convention because of the deep and wide-spread Republican purpose not to support the Republican nominations, and because of the general conviction that parties now cohere by the mere force of tradition, and not as representatives of distinctly defined and opposing policies. For some time the interest of the political situation has lain in the endeavor of certain Republicans and certain Democrats to adjust their parties to the new issues. The old questions on which the parties have carried on the controversy for years have been mainly settled or are in the way of settlement without serious difference. But the questions of more immediate moment disclose differences of opinion in both parties. There are ardent protectionists among the Democrats, and resolute revenue reformers among Republicans. But although party traditions are very strong, there have been frequent evidences, as in the elections of 1879 and of 1882, that in New York at least there is a spirit which values public honor and honesty and decent politics more than the party tradition.

The point in the situation of which the Democratic Convention will probably take especial account is the independent support that would doubtless be given to a Democratic nomination which should raise the simple issue of pure administration by a man of proved character, capacity, and courage, and of especial experience in such administration. The Democratic tradition and the Democratic nomination, as such, would of course not command independent support. That could be commanded only by the nomination of a man who has shown his ability to withstand the bad influences of his own party, and naturally all those influences would be strongly arrayed against his nomination. Yet should these adverse influences fail, and the nomination be secured, the independent support which it would receive would greatly strengthen the candidate, should he be elected, to pursue the course which had procured his election. An administration coming into power under such circumstances would be peculiarly independent, and it would undoubtedly tend to clear the political situation. It is always a question, which has been often discussed in these columns, whether parties which are organized upon certain issues can be adapted, upon the settlement of those issues, to others, or whether questions which are really essential and fundamental must not form their own parties. Nothing has more fatally shaken the confidence of sincere Republicans in their own party management than the enormous abuses and scandals which have been exposed during the last few years, and for which the party has been naturally held responsible. But the feeling of many such Republicans has been that it was all inevitable, or that the Democratic party was quite as bad as the Republican. But when a party is supported for the avowed reason that it is not quite so bad as some other party, it is obviously in its decadence. And when the other party discloses a man who shows that such evils are not inevitable, and that administration which looks wholly to the public welfare and not to party advantage is perfectly practicable, the eyes and hopes of good citizens instinctively turn to him as the kind of man that the times require in the Presidency.

It is such a man that Governor CLEVELAND of New York has shown himself to be. He is strong, not because of his party, but despite of it. The immense majority that made him Governor was not a Democratic majority. It was a protest against vicious and fraudulent political methods. It gave him at once a power of independent action, which no mere party majority could have conferred, and of which he has made noble use. It gave him a unique distinction among all conspicuous public men in the country at this time. As the force of the argument for his nomination drawn from probable independent support is undeniable, his opponents in his own party seek to weaken it by decrying the independent support that he would receive as comparatively insignificant. In reply to this assertion, which is made by Democrats who for various reasons oppose his nomination, the actual and long-existing political indifference among many Republicans must be considered, the amazing character of the Republican nomination in the present condition of public feeling, and the fact that the open and positive Republican protest is unparalleled, and implies a discontent which in great part, as is always the case, will not care to announce itself except by voting at the polls. The number and character of those, for instance, who in Boston, New Haven, New York, and elsewhere have publicly declared themselves opposed to the election of Mr. BLAINE show how large and influential the actual and unreported defection must be—a defection which in close States like Massachusetts, Connecticut, and New York may be decisive. It is a defection, moreover, which does not require elaborate organization to adhere to its purpose and to make it effective. There was very little organization of discontent in 1882 except in Brooklyn. The Republican voters understood the situation, and whether they voted or staid at home, they effected their purpose. Under the circumstances, when opinion is ripe upon a certain subject, as it was upon the meaning of the fraudulent proxy in New York, and as it is upon the significance of the Republican nominations at Chicago, it will express itself adequately. If such opinion is not ripe, no organization can vitalize it. But there is no doubt of its full maturity now. At this time, therefore, a Democratic nomination which should be in itself an earnest of sober, upright, clean administration, of respect for the reformed civil service, of freedom from any kind of association with the vast frauds and venal combinations which have long preyed upon the public Treasury, of honesty and tranquillity at home, of peace with honor abroad, would be the strongest possible nomination, because it would receive the independent vote, except that part of it which would not be cast for either party.

THE WASHINGTON RATIFICATION.

THE first important meeting to ratify the nomination of Mr. BLAINE was held in Washington, and several distinguished gentlemen took part in it. Mr. SHELLABARGER gibed at the virtue which threatened us with an archangelic chaos. Senator HAWLEY smiled at "the good men" of Boston. Senator SHERMAN had no patience with Republicans who could bolt a regular nomination. Senator FRYE emphasized the party enthusiasm for the candidate; and Mr. BAYNE, Mr. HORR, and others spoke in the same general strain. There were, however, but two noticeable points in all that was said: one was the admission of a most significant Republican dissatisfaction with the nomination; the other was the striking neglect of every speaker to give any good reason why a conscientious Republican should cast his vote for the Presidency for a candidate whose letters show that he anxiously and persistently pleaded for a personal pecuniary advantage upon the ground that as Speaker of the House he had been serviceable to those who could grant the advantage, and that he was in a position to serve the undertaking effectively. To this point, which is the most signal illustration of the kind of reasons which have produced the Republican revolt, not one of the distinguished speakers at the Washington meeting addressed himself, and whatever they may have thought the exigencies of a ratification meeting demanded, we have much too high a regard and respect for them to suppose that they were themselves satisfied with their own sneers in a Republican meeting at Republican conscience and honor and a reasonable standard of public virtue.

Mr. SHELLABARGER can hardly suppose that it is a fabulous and archangelic requirement that a candidate for the Presidency shall be above suspicion of the kind that attaches to the Republican candidate, and Senator HAWLEY is not ignorant that the "good men" of Boston and of the country have been the real strength of the Republican party. Senator SHERMAN is impatient of Republicans who will not stand by the regular nominations, but he seems to be very patient of regular nominations which repel conscientious support. All these gentlemen would doubtless say that whatever they may think of the candidate, they can not countenance Democratic success. But they can not avoid the question whether Republican success with any candidate, of whatever record and character, must be always better for the country than the election of a Democratic candidate who is in himself a platform of undaunted administrative courage, honesty, independence, economy, and reform. The doctrine that the worst Republican is better than the best Democrat may be plausible when there is an overwhelming issue, as, in our recent history, of slavery or the war. But it is not plausible when no such issue impends, and when the chief question is that of pure administration, free from all complicity or suspicion of private interests, speculations, rings, jobbery, and rascality.

Neither would the orators of the Washington meeting probably take refuge in the plea that the people have passed upon the MULLIGAN letters and have acquitted the candidate. That is a cry which may serve the turn of desperate newspapers. But does it satisfy the gentlemen in question? They are familiar with the facts. They know the reasons of opposition to the nomination. They know that the revolt is not due to disappointment in personal preferences, nor to individual ambition, nor to any unworthy motive whatever, but that it springs from Republican disgust and alarm, and disgust and alarm which are not lessened by Republican sneers at an honest protest against a doubtful candidacy. They know perfectly well—or they are less politically sagacious than they are reputed to be—that the arguments which are used to whip the revolters back into support of the candidate are the old Whig arguments against the Conscience Whig and Free-soil movements, which, if accepted as valid, would have made reform impossible. The desirability of high protection, of reform in the civil service, of sound finance, or of any other specific policy of administration is not an argument to persuade voters who think that the candidate has shown himself to be unworthy of the Presidency. If the Washington orators believe that Mr. BLAINE is wrongfully accused, why did they not say so, and offer to the country the explanation which satisfies them? They can not be allowed to raise a false issue by asserting that all good Republicans will support the candidate of the party. All good Republicans would doubtless support any party candidate who did not make support impossible upon precisely the grounds alleged in the present canvass.

THE NEW HAVEN PROTEST.

THE great and enthusiastic meeting at New Haven of Republicans who can not support the Republican nomination is another significant sign of the times. Original and "old-fashioned" Republicans will not deny the truth of the words of the chairman of the meeting, Mr. SIMEON E. BALDWIN:

> "It is a sad thing to see our old party falter and break when great and new questions come up before it. But it would be sadder still if there were none to stand against this tendency. We are Republicans, but we are not slaves. We belong to the Republican party, but not as camp-followers. No party's life is worth anything unless that party has some high ideal.
>
> "The Republican party was organized to bring the moral idea into American politics. It has had a glorious past. It may have a glorious future, but it will only be when it writes on its banners, 'Retrenchment, purity, and reform.'....I say it is right for us here, met as we are in open light before the public eye, to utter our protest against that nomination. I regard it as an assault upon the better aims of the party. I say it as one who, come what may, will cast no vote for JAMES G. BLAINE....
>
> "We do our duty to-night if we openly declare that no man shall receive our vote who is not clean and pure, who does not value his character as more than his life."

This is the old and true Republican tone. To reply that the party must be sustained at all costs is to say that, whatever it does, the party ought to be supported. A more slavish doctrine, and one more utterly unworthy of intelligent American citizens, can not be imagined. It is because the men who formed the Republican party spurned such a doctrine that slavery has been abolished, and the republic saved.

The New Haven meeting resolved that it is the duty of every friend of Republican principles to stand by them even if the party should desert them, and that the Republican candidates are unworthy of support. It also appointed a committee to co-operate with those already formed in other cities, and adjourned amid an enthusiasm which recalls the early Republican days. The Republican protest is evidently not "blowing over," and the reason is that it does not spring from "soreheads" or self-seekers, but from the old Republican conscience and patriotism.

THE EGYPTIAN CONFERENCE.

THE English Government has received the acceptance of France, Germany, Austria, and Italy to the Egyptian Conference, which will have begun when this paper is issued, if the plan is carried out. Another effort will doubtless be made in Parliament to compel the resignation of Mr. GLADSTONE and the ministry. But nothing especially warranting such action has occurred since the abortive attempt to extort this resignation several weeks ago, and it is not probable that the present effort will succeed. The serious defect in the Tory situation is the want of a competent, or at least of a trusted, leader. Lord SALISBURY seems to have incurable faults which disqualify him, Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE apparently lacks the adequate

confidence of his party, and Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL can hardly be seriously considered as a real party chief. On the other hand, Mr. GLADSTONE'S ascendency over the Liberals is very great, and if the Egyptian policy is open to censure in some of its details, no better policy has been proposed.

The disposition of the French Government is shown in the speech of Prime Minister FERRY, who said:

"Since 1883 France has been quite inactive, so far as Egypt is concerned, inasmuch as she declined to take part in the British expedition. It is too late now to think of reviving the scheme of condominium. It is altogether impossible. Egypt is neither French nor English. Her fate is a matter of concern to all Europe, and what it is to be will always be a European question. Mr. GLADSTONE'S Government recognized this fact, and was the first to propose the neutralization of Egypt. France has the best chance possible to settle the question with the GLADSTONE cabinet. It is necessary that harmony be maintained between the two nations whose accord is so important to the peace and liberty of the world. It is necessary also to limit the English occupation of Egypt; but France has no intention of substituting French occupation therefor."

The Chamber of Deputies received the speech with distinct favor, but the *Moniteur* denounces the alliance.

The Conference will sit in London, and will be in session during the debate upon the vote of confidence in the ministry. At least this is the present statement, and the plan argues that the ministry is confident of the result, as it would scarcely invite the representatives of other governments to witness its own discomfiture.

POLITICAL CALUMNY.

It is a tolerably clear proposition that because WASHINGTON and other great men have been calumniated it does not follow that everything alleged against a public man is a slander. The *Aurora* poured out a torrent of abuse upon WASHINGTON, and accused him of betraying liberty. But it never offered any evidence of his offenses against his country, and his prostitution of official trusts. Forged letters were issued to blacken his character. But no letters of his own were ever produced which stained it.

The endeavor to liken every accused public man to WASHINGTON, and to assume his innocence because WASHINGTON was innocent, necessarily fails. Every such case must be judged by itself. Personal assaults are doubtless made upon all candidates for high office, and in every canvass there is immense defamation. But it can not be assumed that every candidate who is arraigned is therefore defamed, for he may be guilty. His known character, the associations of his public life, the nature of transactions in which he has been engaged, will all be taken into the account. When evidence is circumstantial, all such considerations are of high importance. There is no surer defense than character against a general shower of accusations or apparently strong evidence. WASHINGTON'S character was proof against every charge of doubtful public conduct. There was nothing in his life, his associations, his pursuits, which made any charge of indirect or improper conduct probable. No such accusation "stuck," because it was in itself improbable, and no word or deed of his furnished any support to the charge.

On the other hand, HAMILTON'S moral nature was not felt to be so severe as WASHINGTON'S, and when a charge was insinuated affecting his official honor, he knew the adverse weight in his case of doubtful circumstances, and he did not hesitate, at the most painful cost, to prove conclusively that the circumstances were to be satisfactorily explained without a stain upon his official character. WASHINGTON and LINCOLN and JOHN JAY and SUMNER were never, in the current phrase, tattooed, because the charges against them were only like dirty water thrown in foolish rage. But injurious charges which stick and stain because they can not be explained do tattoo a man. It was a wise course for the Methodists to seize the name which was thrown at them in contumely, and wear it as an honor. But had it implied any actual discredit, they could not have done it. We shall see whether those who hold Mr. BLAINE to be unjustly assailed will adopt as ornaments the names and words which have become familiar in the controversy.

FOREIGN CONTRACT LABOR.

THE bill prohibiting the importation of labor under contract has passed the House of Representatives by a vote of 102 to 17. The number of votes was about a third of the votes of a full House, but the majority of those cast was decisive. The proposed object of the bill is to protect the American laborer against the immigration of the foreign laborer. But of course no such bill can effect that result. The immigration of the foreign laborer can be prevented only by a law like the Chinese bill, which forbids them to come at all. A regulation prohibiting the entry of laborers under contract can be evaded without any trouble.

Prohibition of immigration is a logical part of a high protective policy, for if cheap goods are to be excluded, it is only fair to exclude the cheap makers of cheap goods. Indeed, the prohibition is the more necessary because the high protection, being a public bounty upon certain industries, naturally attracts laborers to them from all parts of the world.

The bill is in accord with the policy of America for the Americans who are already here, and it is the inadequate expression in law of a feeling which is strongly stated in the New York *Herald*: "Anarchists and Socialists come among us and scatter over the country, poisoning the political and social atmosphere. And meanwhile the Mormon elder pursues his insidious schemes abroad to strengthen the already uncontrollable element in our midst, which will presently reach a state when, from being passive, it may become aggressive. We are rapidly growing to be the almshouse, hospital for moral leprosy, and Botany Bay of all Europe."

PARTY OBLIGATION.

THE view of party obligation, with its conditions and limitations, which the readers of HARPER'S WEEKLY are accustomed to see presented in these pages is clearly and conclusively stated by ex-Governor CHAMBERLAIN in a letter to the New York *Times*.

He supposes that DORSEY and ex-Governor MOSES

"had been regularly nominated, with as scrupulous a regard to all the rules and proprieties as Mr. PHELPS claims for the last Chicago Convention; suppose, in order to meet the claim of Dr. ARMITAGE, that no members had protested or announced their intention to bolt these nominations during the Convention—I should like to know what the Rev. Dr. ARMITAGE or JOHN SHERMAN or Senator HAWLEY would say ought to be done in such a case. Of course I am bound to believe each of them would refuse to support such nominations. But why? By the supposition DORSEY and MOSES were fairly and regularly nominated, and the Convention adjourned without any protest. The answer must be: It is not the duty of any man under any circumstances to support such candidates, because they are personally dishonest and unfit. So then, after all, there is a plain, unquestioned limit to our obligation to support party nominations, a limit which lies in the very nature of moral duty, a limit the denial of which is the denial of moral distinctions."

No man can deny the truth of this simple statement who does not put the will of a majority of a party Convention in place of his own sense of honor and duty.

A PLAIN TRUTH.

THERE has been no better statement of the situation than the following, from the *Christian Register*, published in Boston. It is worth pondering by those who think that goody-goodies and Sunday-schools had better not dabble in politics. It was when the Sunday-schools and the religious press were warmly friendly to the Republican party that it achieved its great victories.

"For the first time in its history the Republican party has deliberately challenged the fealty of a large and respectable class of its own voters, and has notified the independents, whose action has decided two Presidential elections, that it has no need of their sympathies or their votes. This may be 'audacity,' but it is not good 'practical' politics. Needless to say, it is not a policy worthy of a party whose boast has hitherto been that it responded quickly to the noblest aspirations and the highest purposes of the people."

A CORRECTION.

In speaking of the announcement that Mr. J. S. C. HARRISON, of Indianapolis, would not support Mr. BLAINE, we stated incorrectly that he was a delegate to the Republican Convention at Chicago. It was Senator BENJAMIN H. HARRISON who was a delegate. Mr. J. S. C. HARRISON was a government director of the Union Pacific road in 1872, who moved for the committee to investigate the exchange of the seventy-five bonds, and who withdrew the motion upon the urgent private representation that the investigation would be fatal to a conspicuous man. We have seen no denial of the statement made directly after the Convention that Mr. HARRISON would not support Mr. BLAINE.

GENERAL CROOK AND THE INDIANS.

THERE will be no wiser, nobler, or more useful words spoken at any college this summer than those of General CROOK to the graduates at West Point. It is refreshing to hear sentiments so humane in regard to the Indian proceeding from one of the ablest officers of the army, and one of the most experienced soldiers in the Indian service. His speech marks a great and inspiring progress in public sentiment, and is the earnest of the ability of that sentiment to procure still further Congressional action to remove from the national name the stain of our long injustice to the Indian. By his speech at West Point General CROOK has added another illustrious service to those that he has already rendered the country.

"With all his faults, and they are many, the American Indian is not half so black as he is painted. He is cruel in war, treacherous at times, and not overcleanly. But so were our forefathers. His nature, however, is responsive to a treatment which assures him that it is based upon justice, truth, honesty, and common-sense. It is not impossible that, with a fair and square system of dealing with him, the American Indian would make a better citizen than many who neglect the duties and abuse the privileges of that proud title.

"It, no doubt, will be the lot of many of your number to serve with or near the Indians, and to such I say that too much care can not be taken in your daily association with them. Make them no promises which you can not fulfill; make no statements that you can not verify. When difficulties arise, as occasionally they will, endeavor to be so well informed of all the circumstances of the case that your action may be powerful and convincing because just and impartial. Let the Indian see that you administer one law to both the white-skinned and the red-skinned, and that you do this without regard to blame or censure, and you will gain his confidence, because you have shown yourself worthy of it. The rest will be easy. Don't expect too much at once, and don't lose courage or patience on account of backsliding. He should be encouraged to work and save. The man who works and saves is fast leaving savagery behind him. You will find that the Indian has no rights which our people are compelled to respect. The benefit of laws which protect the white man are not extended to the Indian. Even the courts are closed to him, and to secure him common justice and to protect him from outrage will frequently require all your intelligence, courage, and energy."

PERSONAL.

WE are having one of those ideal ocean voyages (writes a New-Yorker on board the *Celtic* in June) which one hears of and perhaps dreams of. Six days out from New York, and no racks on the table. A row-boat could not only live, but be a pleasant place of residence, on the water we have glided through. For myself, good sailor as I am, I would have preferred a few more agreeable people and a little rough weather. We have a few friends, and we try not to yawn into each other's faces. Last night they gave me my first lesson in poker. I have read trashy novels till my brain aches. How many more charming things one can find in one's own mind than people ever think of putting into books! Perhaps our present existence is somewhat like being dead: we are very happy, yet have no means of communicating with you. How glad I was to get away from that hot town, and how the smells from Hunter's Point filled our room (on Murray Hill) that last night! I actually thought my maid had blown the gas out, and I went around trying all the burners!

—In Calumet, Michigan, a few days ago (writes a correspondent of this journal), a circus was passing. On one of the wagons sat a woman holding a switch in her hand, in front of her stood a tiger, and in front of the tiger was the driver, not five inches away from the animal's nose. "I wouldn't like to be in that fellow's place," remarked one of the crowd. "Oh, he's all right," replied another; "the tiger has tried him, and don't like the flavor."

—For many years past President ANDREW D. WHITE, of Cornell University, has been collecting in Europe as fine specimens of artistic furniture, old and new, as he could procure. During his residence as Commissioner at the Paris Exhibition, and as Minister to Berlin, he was successful in securing several pieces of Renaissance work—cabinets, tables, and so on—which would be an ornament to any collection in the Old World. At sundry expositions in Düsseldorf and Leipsic he found specimens of the best designs and workmanship of the present German masters in the same line. All these objects are now in the president's house at Ithaca, New York.

—Near the university grounds at Ithaca stands the house of the late Mrs. MCGRAW FISKE, which contains some of the noblest rooms in this or any other country, very beautiful in decoration, especially the hall and picture-gallery, where hang some splendid pieces of tapestry bought by Mrs. FISKE at the sale of Prince DEMIDOFF, at San Donato. A large carved marble chimney-piece in Italian Renaissance style, from a villa at Padua, is very notable. It may be added that in the houses of Mr. GEORGE BARNES and Mr. HOWARD G. WHITE, at Syracuse, New York, there are several rooms which, from an architectural and purely artistic point of view, would rank among the very best modern examples.

—What happened on board the Cunard steamer *Aurania* when, on her way to Liverpool, on the 11th of June, she went ashore on the rocks of Dersey Island, in a dense fog, is described by one of her passengers: "At half past seven o'clock in the evening she struck a rock about sixty feet high, which we did not see until we came into immediate contact with it. She bounded back, and struck the rock a second time. The engines were immediately reversed, and with such violence that one of the piston-rods got heated. A dreadful stillness came over the passengers when the captain was heard ordering the fore water-tight compartment to be closed, and all hands on deck. He directed that the boats be lowered and manned, and that all passengers retire to the aft part of the vessel. Though greatly terrified, they did not lose their self-possession, and there was no rushing about, no panic, such as is likely to take place on such occasions. They mutely obeyed the captain's orders, and beyond some slight emotion on the part of the ladies, were thoroughly self-possessed. The captain behaved with remarkable coolness, and his orders were obeyed by a thoroughly disciplined crew." There were 485 cabin and 140 steerage passengers. No one was injured, nor was the vessel materially damaged. Fortunately she was near the end of her voyage.

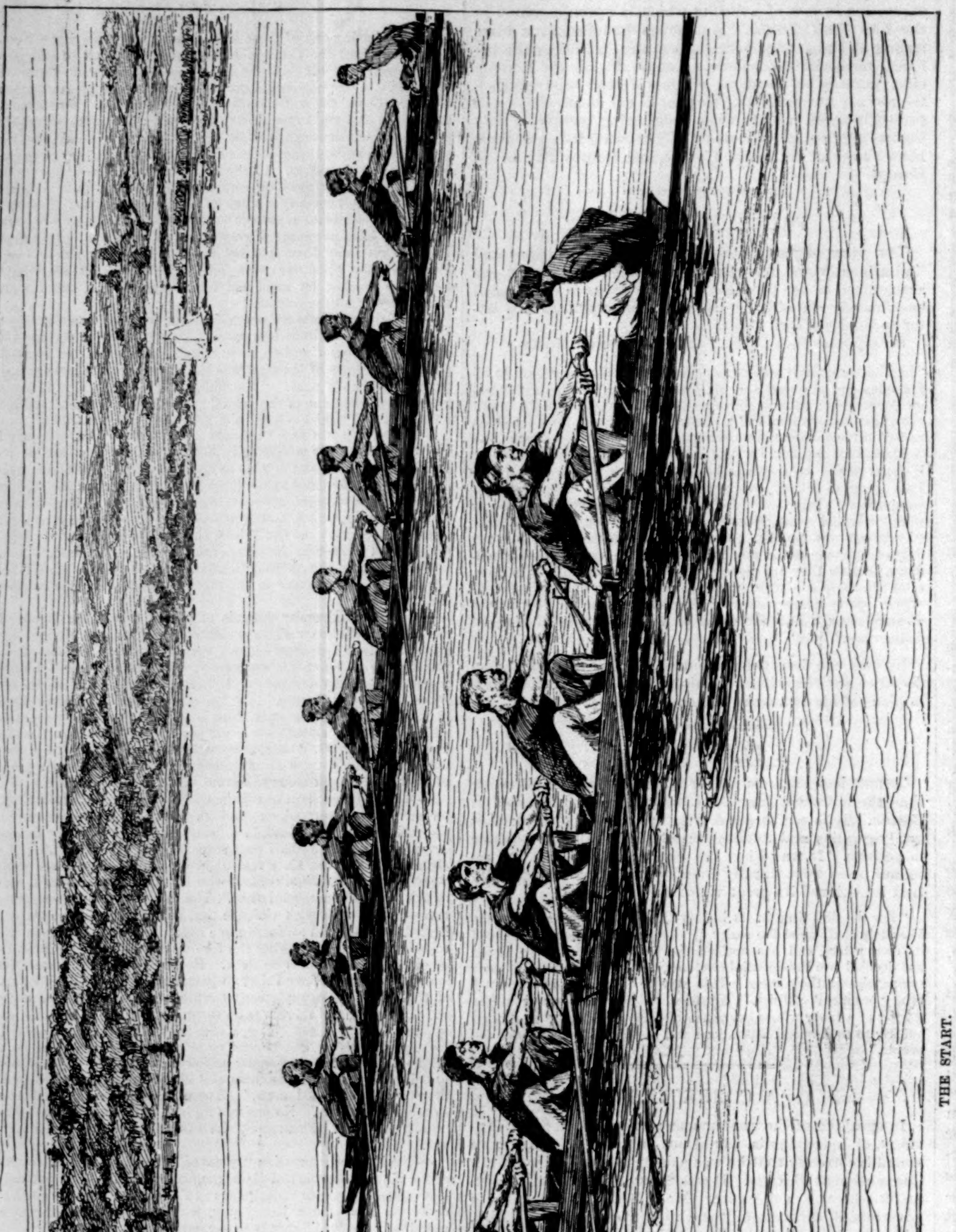
—The sinister expression "removed," used by GUITEAU to describe his assassination of GARFIELD, has entered French journalism. Some dynamite conspirators in Paris recently told a reporter of the *Matin*, in a jaunty way, that three or four informers would be "removed," that is to say, murdered.

—Mr. W. H. VANDERBILT is credited in London with having his eye on the Blenheim collection of old masters, which will soon be sold by auction, and the *Times* of that city describes "how sore and irreparable a loss it will be if the 'Madonna dei Ansidei,' the two family pictures of RUBENS, and the VANDYCK portrait of CHARLES I. are allowed to escape us and leave the country. Failing the National Gallery, these pictures will not be sold to English buyers, but will go to the Louvre, as Mr. MOORE'S Raphael did, or to the Berlin Gallery, like the HAMILTON manuscripts, or to Italy, like the ASHBURNHAM illuminations, or to the ROTHSCHILDS, or to Mr. VANDERBILT." For our part, we frankly wish that Mr. VANDERBILT would buy them. He has been more generous with his art treasures than any other American, living or dead. Last winter he admitted twenty thousand persons into his private gallery.

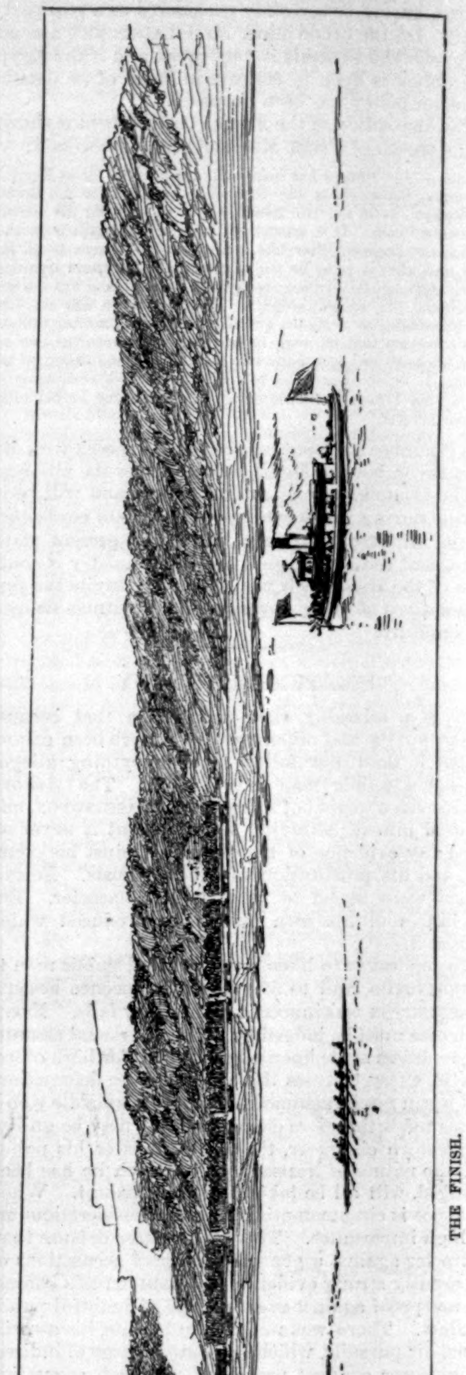
—Of Lord SALISBURY, the English Tory leader, a political opponent says: "He still cherishes the idea that an ambitious foreign policy is possible and agreeable to the people of England, and that England is doomed to certain decay and ruin if it does not continually enlarge and extend its empire. As regards Egypt, his policy would practically amount to annexation, in spite of the most emphatic promises and declarations which England made to Europe. He would have had the government send an army to the Soudan in the heat of summer to almost certain destruction by the climate, to involve England forever in the responsibility for the management of those illimitable and worthless regions. He still harps on the old policy of Afghanistan, and would have England assume at once a hostile attitude toward Russia." The noble lord seems to be a sort of British BLAINE.

—The Archbishop of Canterbury thinks that the most significant proof of the estimation in which the Church of England is held by Englishmen lies in the fact that the number of bishoprics is constantly increasing.

—A very valuable and unique work by Mr. NESTOR PONCE DE LEON, of New York, now in process of publication, is an English-Spanish and Spanish-English Technical Dictionary, in which are given all terms and phrases relating to science, art, mechanics, commercial life, railroads, mining, and industries of all kinds. The need of such a work at the present time is pressing. Commercial intercourse between the United States and all Spanish-American countries is increasing with great rapidity, and manufacturers of all kinds of machinery have had great difficulty in finding Spanish words to designate their wares, as all dictionaries hitherto published are very poor in technical terms. To all mining, civil, and electrical engineers this work will be an invaluable assistant, and also to all persons commercially connected with Spanish-speaking countries. Many modern scientific and mechanical English words have no equivalent word in Spanish. To meet this difficulty Mr. PONCE DE LEON'S dictionary gives carefully prepared explanatory phrases, together with a Spanish form of the English word, as, To cable: *cablear*. The careful and scholarly manner with which the labor necessary to prepare this work has been accomplished deserves the highest praise. Six numbers, carrying the work as far as *Fall*, have already appeared, and the remainder is nearly ready for publication.

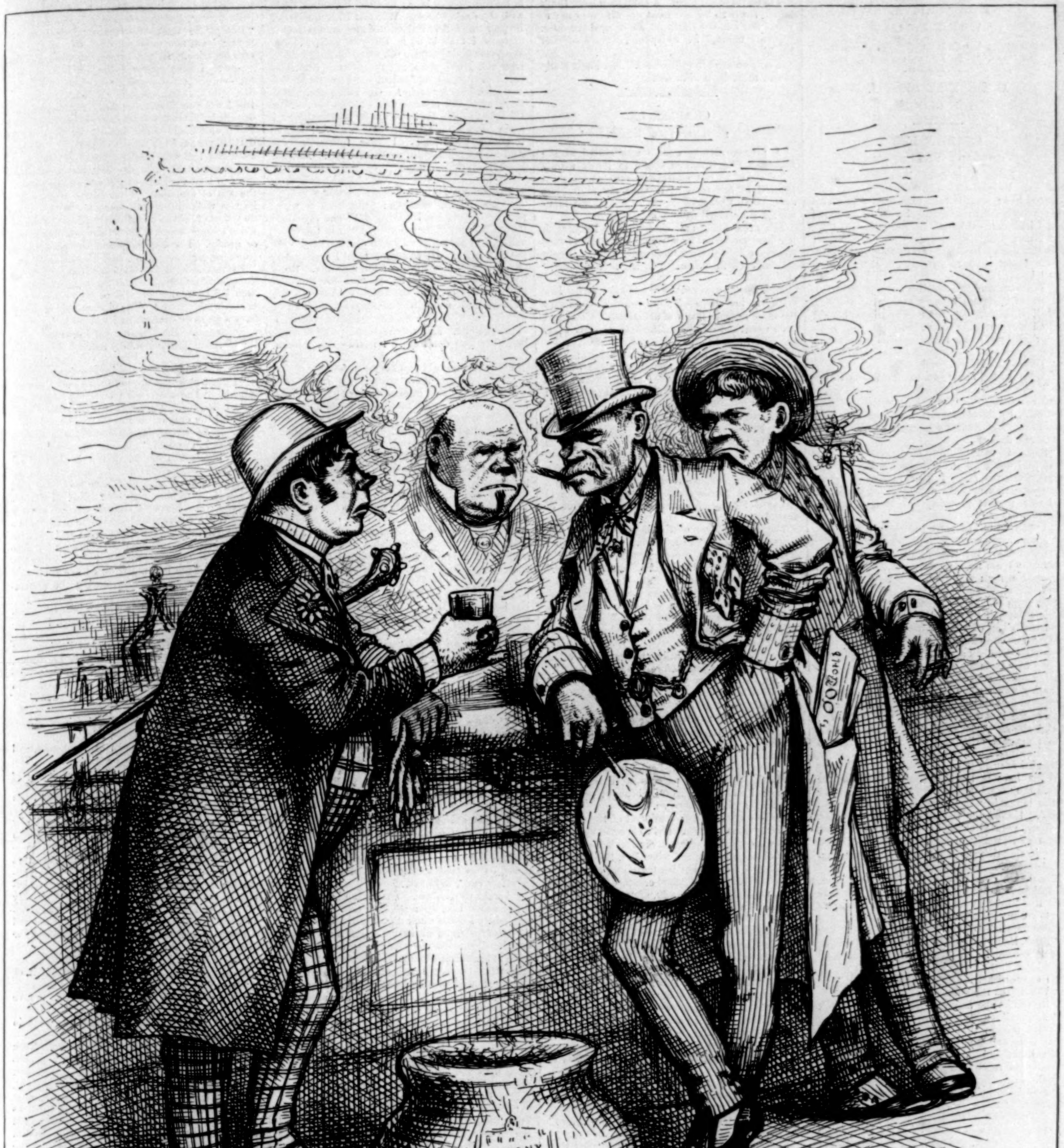


THE START.



THE FINISH.

THE YALE-HARVARD BOAT-RACE AT NEW LONDON.—Drawn by A. B. Frost.—[See Page 435.]



SEE BLAINE AND GO ONE BETTER.

First July Chicago Conventionist. "Have we Democrats got to nominate a ticket to suit them Republican 'Pharisees' and 'Mugwumps'?"

Second July Chicago Conventionist. "Now you just keep cool! If it's Kelly's or Butler's racket, we'll get a reg'lar dynamite ticket, that all the boys can turn in and work for."

"I SAY NO:"*

OR,

THE LOVE-LETTER ANSWERED.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "My Lady's Money," "The Moonstone," "No Name," "The Woman in White," etc.

BOOK THE SIXTH.

THE CLINK.

CHAPTER LIX.

OUTSIDE THE ROOM.

Emily found Mirabel in the waiting-room at Belford. Her sudden appearance might well have amazed him; but his face expressed a more serious emotion than surprise—he looked at her as if she had alarmed him.

"Didn't you get my message?" he asked. "I told the groom I wished you to wait for my return. I sent a note to my sister, in case he made any mistake."

"The man made no mistake," Emily answered. "I was in too great a hurry to be able to speak with Mrs. Delvin. Did you really suppose I could endure the suspense of waiting till you came back? Do you think I can be of no use—I who know Mrs. Rook?"

"They won't let you see her."

"Why not? *You* seem to be waiting to see her."

"I am waiting for the return of the rector of Belford. He is at Berwick; and he has been sent for, at Mrs. Rook's urgent request."

"Is she dying?"

"She is in fear of death—whether rightly or wrongly I don't know. There is some internal injury from the fall. I hope to see her when the rector returns. As a brother clergyman, I may with perfect propriety ask him to use his influence in my favor."

"I am glad to find you so eager about it."

"I am always eager in your interests."

"Don't think me ungrateful," Emily replied, gently. "I am no stranger to Mrs. Rook; and if I send in my name I may be able to see her before the clergyman returns."

She stopped. Mirabel suddenly moved so as to place himself between her and the door. "I must really beg of you to give up that idea," he said. "You don't know what horrid sight you may see—what dreadful agonies of pain this unhappy woman may be suffering."

His manner suggested to Emily that he might be acting under some motive which he was unwilling to acknowledge. "If you have a reason for wishing that I should keep away from Mrs. Rook," she said, "let me hear what it is. Surely we trust each other? I have done my best to set the example, at any rate."

Mirabel seemed to be at a loss for a reply.

While he was hesitating, the station-master passed the door. Emily asked him to direct her to the house in which Mrs. Rook had been received. He led the way to the end of the platform, and pointed to the house. Emily and Mrs. Ellmother immediately left the station. Mirabel accompanied them, still remonstrating, still raising obstacles.

The house door was opened by an old man. He looked reproachfully at Mirabel. "You have been told already," he said, "that no strangers are to see my wife."

Encouraged by discovering that the man was Mr. Rook, Emily mentioned her name. "Perhaps you may have heard Mrs. Rook speak of me," she added.

"I've heard her speak of you oftentimes."

"What does the doctor say?"

"He thinks she may get over it. She doesn't believe him."

"Will you say that I am anxious to see her, if she feels well enough to receive me?"

Mr. Rook looked at Mrs. Ellmother. "Are there two of you wanting to go upstairs?" he inquired.

"This is my old friend and servant," Emily answered. "She will wait for me down here."

"She can wait in the parlor; the good people of this house are well known to me." He pointed to the parlor door, and then led the way to the first floor. Emily followed him. Mirabel, as obstinate as ever, followed Emily.

Mr. Rook opened a door at the end of the landing; and turning round to speak to Emily, noticed Mirabel standing behind her. Without making any remark, the old man pointed significantly down the stairs. His resolution was evidently immovable. Mirabel appealed to Emily to help him.

"She will see me if *you* ask her," he said. "Let me wait here."

The sound of his voice was instantly followed by a cry from the bed-chamber—a cry of terror.

Mr. Rook hurried into the room and closed the door. In less than a minute he opened it again, with doubt and horror plainly visible in his face. He stepped up to Mirabel, eyed him with the closest scrutiny, and drew back again with a look of relief.

"She's wrong," he said; "you are not the man."

This strange proceeding startled Emily. "What man do you mean?" she asked.

Mr. Rook took no notice of the question. With his eyes still fixed on Mirabel, he pointed down the stairs once more. In silence Mirabel had heard him; in silence Mirabel obeyed him. Mr. Rook turned to Emily.

"Are you easily frightened?" he said.

"I don't understand you," Emily replied. "Who is going to frighten me? Why did you speak to Mr. Mirabel in that strange way?"

Mr. Rook looked toward the bedroom door. "Maybe you'll hear why, inside there. If I could have my way, you shouldn't see her; but she's not to be reasoned with. A caution, miss. Don't be too ready to believe what my wife may say to you. She's had a fright." He opened the door. "In my belief," he whispered, "she's off her head."

Emily crossed the threshold. Mr. Rook softly closed the door behind her.

CHAPTER LX.

INSIDE THE ROOM.

A decent elderly woman was seated at the bedside. She rose and spoke to Emily with a mingling of sorrow and confusion strikingly expressed in her face. "It isn't my fault," she said, "that Mrs. Rook receives you in this manner; I am obliged to humor her."

She drew aside, and showed Mrs. Rook with her head supported by many pillows, and her face strangely hidden from view under a veil. Emily started back in horror. "Is her face injured?" she asked.

Mrs. Rook answered the question herself. Her voice was low and weak; but she still spoke with the same nervous hurry of articulation which had been remarked by Alban Morris on the day when she asked him to direct her to Netherwoods.

"Not exactly injured," she explained; "but one's appearance is a matter of some anxiety even on one's death-bed. I am disfigured by a thoughtless use of water, to bring me to when I had my fall—and I can't get at my toilet things to put myself right again. I don't wish to shock you. Please excuse the veil."

Emily remembered the rouge on her cheeks and the dye on her hair when they had first seen each other at the school. Vanity, of all human frailties the longest-lived, still held its firmly rooted place in this woman's nature; superior to torment of conscience, unassailable by terror of death!

The good woman of the house waited a moment before she left the room. "What shall I say," she asked, "if the clergyman comes?"

Mrs. Rook lifted her hand solemnly. "Say," she answered, "that a dying sinner is making atonement for sin. Say this young lady is present by the decree of an all-wise Providence. No mortal creature must disturb us." Her hand dropped back heavily on the bed. "Are we alone?" she asked.

"We are alone," Emily answered. "What made you scream just before I came in?"

"No, I can't allow you to remind me of that," Mrs. Rook protested. "I must compose myself. Be quiet. Let me think."

Recovering her composure, she also recovered that sense of enjoyment in talking of herself which was one of the marked peculiarities in her character.

"You will excuse me if I exhibit religion," she resumed. "My dear parents were exemplary people; I was most carefully brought up. Are you pious? Let us hope so."

Emily was once more reminded of the past.

The by-gone time returned to her memory—the time when she had accepted Sir Jervis Redwood's offer of employment, and when Mrs. Rook had arrived at the school to be her travelling companion to the north. The wretched creature had entirely forgotten her own loose talk, after she had drunk Miss Ladd's good wine to the last drop in the bottle. As she was boasting now of her piety, so she had boasted then of her lost faith and hope, and had mockingly declared her freethinking opinions to be the result of her ill-assorted marriage. Forgotten—all forgotten in this later time of pain and fear. Prostrate under the dread of death, her innermost nature—stripped of the concealments of her later life—was revealed to view. The early religious training, at which she had scoffed in the insolence of health and strength, revealed its latent influence—intermitted, but a living influence always from first to last. Mrs. Rook was tenderly mindful of her exemplary parents, and proud of exhibiting religion on the bed from which she was never to rise again.

"Did I tell you that I am a miserable sinner?" she asked, after an interval of silence.

Emily could endure it no longer. "Say that to the clergyman," she answered—"not to me."

"Oh, but I must say it!" Mrs. Rook insisted. "I *am* a miserable sinner. Let me give you an instance of it," she continued, with a shameless relish of the memory of her own frailties. "I have been a drinker in my time. Anything was welcome, when the fit was on me, as long as it got into my head. Like other persons in liquor, I sometimes talked of things that had better have been kept secret. We bore that in mind—my old man and I—when we were engaged by Sir Jervis. Miss Redwood wanted to put us in the next bedroom to hers—a risk not to be run. I might have talked of the murder at the inn, and she might have heard me. Please to remark a curious thing. Whatever else I might let out when I was in my cups, not a word about the pocket-book ever dropped from me. You will ask how I know it. My dear, I should have heard of it from my husband if I had let *that* out—and he is as much in the dark as you are. Wonderful are the workings of the human mind, as the poet says; and drink drowns care, as the proverb says. But can drink deliver a person from fear by day and fear by night? I believe, if I had dropped a word about the pocket-book, it would have sobered me in an instant. Have you any remark to make on this curious circumstance?"

Thus far Emily had allowed the woman to ramble on, in the hope of getting information which direct inquiry might fail to produce. It was impossible, however, to pass over the allusion to the pocket-book. After giving her time to recover from the exhaustion which her heavy breathing sufficiently revealed, Emily put the question, "Whom did the pocket-book belong to?"

"Wait a little," said Mrs. Rook. "Everything in its right place, is my motto. I mustn't begin with the pocket-book. Why did I begin with it? Do you think this veil on my face confuses me? Suppose I take it off? But you must promise first—solemnly promise you won't look at my face. How can I tell you about the murder (the murder is part of my confession, you know) with this lace tickling my skin? Go away, and stand there with your back to me. Thank you. Now I'll take it off. Ha! the air feels refreshing; I know what I am about. Good heavens! I have forgotten something. I have forgotten *him.* And after such a fright as he gave me! Did you see him on the landing?"

"Whom are you talking of?" Emily asked.

Mrs. Rook's failing voice sank lower still.

"Come closer," she said; "this must be whispered. Whom am I talking of?" she repeated. "I am talking of the man who slept in the other bed at the inn; the man who did the deed with his own razor. He was gone when I looked into the out-house in the gray of the morning. Oh, I have done my duty! I have told Mr. Rook to keep an eye on him down-stairs. You haven't an idea how obstinate and stupid my husband is. He says I couldn't know the man, because I didn't see him. Ha! there's such a thing as hearing, when you don't see. I heard—and I knew it again."

Emily turned cold from head to foot.

"What did you know again?" she said.

"His voice," Mrs. Rook answered. "I'll swear to his voice before all the judges in England."

Emily rushed to the bed. She looked at the woman who had said those dreadful words, speechless with horror.

"You're breaking your promise!" cried Mrs. Rook. "You false girl, you're breaking your promise!"

She snatched at the veil, and put it on again. The sight of her face, momentary as it had been, re-assured Emily. Her wild eyes, made wilder still by the blurred stains of rouge below them, half washed away, her dishevelled hair, with streaks of gray showing through the dye, presented a spectacle which would have been grotesque under other circumstances, but which now reminded Emily of Mr. Rook's last words, warning her not to believe what his wife said, and even declaring his conviction that her intellect was deranged. Emily drew back from the bed, conscious of an overpowering sense of self-reproach. Although it was only for a moment, she had allowed her faith in Mirabel to be shaken by a woman who was out of her mind.

"Try to forgive me," she said. "I didn't willfully break my promise. You frightened me."

Mrs. Rook began to cry. "I was a handsome woman in my time," she murmured. "You would say I am handsome still, if the clumsy fools about me had not spoiled my appearance. Oh, I do feel so weak! Where's my medicine?"

The bottle was on the table. Emily gave her the prescribed dose, and revived her failing strength.

"I am an extraordinary woman," she resumed. "My resolution has always been the admiration of every one who knew me. But my mind feels—how shall I express it?—a little vacant. Have mercy on my poor wicked soul! Help me."

"How can I help you?"

"I want to recollect. Something happened in the summer-time, when we were talking at Netherwoods. I mean when that impudent master at the school showed his suspicions of me. (Lord! how he frightened me when he turned up afterward at Sir Jervis's house!) You must have seen yourself he suspected me. How did he show it?"

"He showed you my locket," Emily answered.

"Oh, the horrid reminder of the murder!" Mrs. Rook exclaimed. "*I* didn't mention it; don't blame me. You poor innocent, I have something dreadful to tell you."

Emily's horror of the woman forced her to speak. "Don't tell me!" she cried. "I know more than you suppose; I know what I was ignorant of when you saw the locket."

Mrs. Rook took offense at the interruption.

"Clever as you are, there's one thing you don't know," she said. "You asked me, just now, whom the pocket-book belonged to. It belonged to your father. What's the matter? Are you crying?"

Emily was thinking of her father. The pocket-book was the last present she had given to him—a present on his birthday. "Is it lost?" she asked, sadly.

"No, it's not lost. You will hear more of it directly. Dry your eyes, and expect something interesting—I'm going to talk about love. Love, my dear, means myself. Why shouldn't it? I'm not the only nice-looking woman, married to an old man, who has had a lover."

"Wretch! what has that got to do with it?"

"Everything, you rude girl! My lover was like the rest of them; he would bet on race-horses, and he lost. He owned it to me, on the day when your father came to our inn. He said, 'I must find the money—or be off to America, and say good-by forever.' I was fool enough to be fond of him. It broke my heart to hear him talk in that way. I said, 'If I find the money, and more than the money, will you take me with you wherever you go?' Of course he said Yes. I suppose you have heard of the inquest held at our old place by the coroner and jury? Oh, what idiots! They believed I was asleep on the night of the murder. I never closed my eyes—I was so miserable, I was so tempted."

"Tempted? What tempted you?"

"Do you think I had any money to spare? Your father's pocket-book tempted me. I had seen him open it, to pay his bill overnight. It was full of bank-notes. Oh, what an overpowering thing love is! Perhaps you have known it yourself."

Emily's indignation once more got the better of her prudence. "Have you no feeling of decency on your death-bed?" she said.

Mrs. Rook forgot her piety; she was ready with an impudent rejoinder. "You hot-headed little woman, your time will come," she answered. "But you're right—I am wandering from the point; I am not sufficiently sensible of this solemn occasion. By-the-bye, do you notice my language? I inherit correct English from my mother—a cultivated person, who married beneath her. My maternal grandfather was a gentleman. Did I tell you that there came a time, on that dreadful night, when I could stay in bed no longer? The pocket-book—I did nothing but think of that devilish pocket-book, full of bank-notes. My husband was fast asleep all the time. I got a chair and stood on it. I looked into the place where the two men were sleeping, through the glass in the top of the door. Your father was awake; he was walking up and down the room. What do you say? Was he agitated? I didn't notice. I don't know whether the other man was asleep or awake. I saw nothing but the pocket-book stuck under the pillow, half in and half out. Your father kept on walking up and down. I thought to myself, 'I'll wait till he gets tired, and then I'll have another look at the pocket-book.' Where's the wine? The doctor said I might have a glass of wine when I wanted it."

Emily found the wine and gave it to her. She shuddered as she accidentally touched Mrs. Rook's hand.

The wine helped the sinking woman.

"I must have got up more than once," she resumed. "And more than once my heart must have failed me. I don't clearly remember what I did, till the gray of the morning came. I think that must have been the last time I looked through the glass in the door."

She began to tremble. She tore the veil off her face. She cried out, piteously, "Lord, be merciful to me a sinner! Come here," she said to Emily. "Where are you? No! I daren't tell you what I saw; I daren't tell you what I did. When you're possessed by the devil, there's nothing, nothing, nothing you can't do! Where did I find the courage to unlock the door? Where did I find the courage to go in? Any other woman would have lost her senses when she found blood on her fingers after taking the pocket-book—"

Emily's head swam; her heart beat furiously. She staggered to the door, and opened it to escape from the room.

"I'm guilty of robbing him; but I'm innocent of his blood!" Mrs. Rook called after her wildly. "The deed was done—the yard door was wide open, and the man was gone—when I looked in for the last time. Come back! come back!"

Emily looked round.

"I can't go near you," she said, faintly.

"Come near enough to see this."

She opened her bed-gown at the throat, and drew up a loop of ribbon over her head. The pocket-book was attached to the ribbon. She held it out.

"Your father's book," she said. "Won't you take your father's book?"

For a moment, and only for a moment, Emily was repelled by the profanation associated with her birthday gift. Then the loving remembrance of the dear hands that had so often touched that relic drew the faithful daughter back to the woman whom she abhorred. Her eyes rested tenderly on the book. Before it had lain in that guilty bosom it had been *his* book. The beloved memory was all that was left to her now; the beloved memory consecrated it to her hand. She took the book.

"Open it," said Mrs. Rook.

There were two five-pound bank-notes in it.

"His?" Emily asked.

"No; mine—the little I have been able to save toward restoring what I stole."

"Oh!" Emily cried, "is there some good in this woman, after all?"

"There's no good in the woman," Mrs. Rook answered, desperately. "There's nothing but fear—fear of hell now; fear of the pocket-book in the past time. Twice I tried to destroy it, and twice it came back to remind me of the duty that I owed to my miserable soul. I tried to throw it into the fire. It struck the bar, and fell back into the fender at my feet. I went out and cast it into the well. It came back again in the first bucket of water that was drawn up. From that moment, I began to save what I could. Restitution! Atonement! I tell you the book found a tongue, and those were the grand words it dinned in my ears morning and night." She stopped to fetch her breath—stopped, and struck her bosom. "I hid it here, so that no person should see it, and no person take it from me. Superstition? oh yes, superstition! Shall I tell you something? *You* may find yourself superstitious if you are ever cut to the heart as I was. He left me! The man I had disgraced myself for deserted me on the day when I gave him the stolen money. He suspected it was stolen; he took care of his own cowardly self, and left me to the hard mercy of the law if the theft was found out. What do you call that in the way of punishment? Haven't I suffered? Haven't I made atonement? Be a Christian—say you forgive me."

"I do forgive you."

"Say you will pray for me."

"I will."

"Ha! that comforts me. Now you can go."

Emily looked at her imploringly. "Don't send me away, knowing no more of the murder than I knew when I came here. Is there nothing, really nothing, you can tell me?"

Mrs. Rook pointed to the door.

"Haven't I told you already? Go down-stairs, and see the wretch who escaped in the dawn of the morning!"

"Gently, ma'am—gently! You're talking too loud," cried a mocking voice from outside.

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1409.

"It's only the doctor," said Mrs. Rook. She crossed her hands over her bosom, with a deep-drawn sigh. "I want no doctor now. My peace is made with my Maker. I'm ready for death; I'm fit for heaven. Go away! go away!"

CHAPTER LXI.

DOWN-STAIRS.

In a moment more the doctor came in: a brisk, smiling, self-sufficient man—smartly dressed, with a flower in his button-hole. A stifling odor of musk filled the room as he drew out his handkerchief with a flourish and wiped his forehead.

"Plenty of hard work in my line, just now," he said. "Hullo, Mrs. Rook! somebody has been allowing you to excite yourself. I heard you, before I opened the door. Have you been encouraging her to talk?" he asked, turning to Emily, and shaking his finger at her with an air of facetious remonstrance.

Incapable of answering him, forgetful of the ordinary restraints of social intercourse—with the one doubt that preserved her belief in Mirabel eager for confirmation—Emily signed to this stranger to follow her into a corner of the room, out of hearing. She made no excuses; she took no notice of his look of surprise. One hope was all she could feel, one word was all she could say, after that second assertion of Mirabel's guilt. Indicating Mrs. Rook by a glance at the bed, she whispered the word: "Mad?"

Flippant and familiar, the doctor imitated her; he too looked at the bed.

"No more mad than you are, miss. As I said just now, my patient has been exciting herself; I dare say she has talked a little wildly in consequence. *Hers* isn't a brain to give way, I can tell you. But there's somebody else—"

Emily had fled from the room. He had destroyed her last fragment of belief in Mirabel's innocence. She was on the landing, trying to steady her mind, when the doctor joined her.

"Are you acquainted with the gentleman down-stairs?" he asked.

"What gentleman?"

"I haven't heard his name; he looks like a clergyman. If you know him—"

"I do know him. I can't answer questions. My mind—"

"Steady your mind, miss, and take your friend home as soon as you can. *He* hasn't got Mrs. Rook's hard brain; he's in a state of nervous prostration, which may end badly. Do you know where he lives?"

"He is staying with his sister, Mrs. Delvin."

"Mrs. Delvin! she's a friend and patient of mine. Say I'll look in to-morrow morning, and see what I can do for her brother. In the mean time get him to bed and to rest, and don't be afraid of giving him brandy."

The doctor returned to the bedroom. Emily heard Mrs. Ellmother's voice below.

"Are you up there, miss?"

"Yes."

Mrs. Ellmother ascended the stairs. "It was in an evil hour," she said, "that you insisted on going to this place. Mr. Mirabel—" The sight of Emily's face suspended the next words on her lips. She took the poor young mistress in her motherly arms. "Oh, my child! what has happened to you?"

"Don't ask me now. I can hardly stand—help me to get down-stairs."

"You won't be startled when you see Mr. Mirabel, will you, my dear? I wouldn't let them disturb you; I said nobody should speak to you but myself. The truth is, Mr. Mirabel has had a dreadful fright. What are you looking for?"

"Can we get into the air?"

There was a court-yard at the back of the house. They found their way to it. A bench was placed against one of the walls. They sat down.

"I had better not tell you about it now," said Mrs. Ellmother. "It's easy to see, my dear, you have been sorely tried already. Must I go on? I won't be long about it. Mr. Mirabel came into the parlor where I was; and Mr. Rook came in too—and waited, looking at him. Mr. Mirabel sat down in a corner, in a dazed state, as I thought. It wasn't for long. He jumped up, and clapped his hand on his heart as if his heart hurt him. 'I must and will know what's going on upstairs,' he says. Mr. Rook pulled him back, and said, 'Wait till the young lady comes down.' Mr. Mirabel wouldn't hear of it. 'Your wife's frightening her,' he says; 'your wife's telling her horrible things about me.' He was taken on a sudden with a shivering fit; his eyes rolled and his teeth chattered. Mr. Rook made matters worse: he lost his temper. 'I'm damned,' he says, 'if I don't begin to think you *are* the man; I've half a mind to send for the police.' Mr. Mirabel dropped into his chair. His eyes stared; his mouth fell open. I took hold of his hand. Cold—cold as ice. What it all meant, I can't say. Oh, miss, *you* know! Let me tell you the rest of it some other time."

Emily insisted on hearing more. "The end!" she cried. "How did it end?"

"I don't know how it might have ended if the doctor hadn't come in—to pay his visit, you know, upstairs. He said some learned words. When he came to plain English he asked if anybody had frightened the gentleman. I said Mr. Rook had frightened him. The doctor says to Mr. Rook: 'You had better mind what you are about. If you frighten him again, you may have his death to answer for.' That cowed Mr. Rook; he asked what he had better do. 'Give me some brandy for him first,' says the doctor, 'and then get him home at once.' Mr. Rook went away to the inn to order the carriage. Your eyes are quicker than mine, miss—I think I hear it now."

They rose and went to the house door. The carriage was there.

Still cowed by what the doctor had said, Mr. Rook appeared, carefully leading Mirabel out. He had revived, under the action of the stimulant. Passing Emily, he raised his eyes to her, trembled, and looked down again. They had driven to Belford in a close carriage. When Mr. Rook opened the door, Mirabel showed a momentary return of courage. He turned to Emily and spoke.

"I am as innocent as you are," he said to her.

She started back from him, and caught at Mrs. Ellmother's arm. "You go with him in the carriage," she said. "I can't."

"How are you to get back, miss?"

She turned away, and spoke to the coachman: "I am not very well. I want the fresh air—I'll sit by you."

Mrs. Ellmother remonstrated and protested: in vain. As Emily had determined it should be, so it was.

"Has he said anything?" she asked, when they arrived at their journey's end.

"He has been like a man frozen up; he hasn't said a word; he hasn't even moved."

"Take him to his sister, and tell her all that you know. I can't face Mrs. Delvin. Be patient, my good old friend; I have no secrets from you. Only wait till to-morrow—and leave me by myself to-night."

Alone in her room, Emily opened her writing-case. Searching among the letters in it, she drew out a printed paper. It was the handbill describing the man who had escaped from the inn, and offering a reward for the discovery of him.

At the first line of the personal description of the fugitive, the paper dropped from her hand. Burning tears forced their way into her eyes. Feeling for her handkerchief, she touched the pocket-book which she had received from Mrs. Rook.

After a little hesitation she took it out and opened it.

The sight of the bank-notes repelled her; she hid them in one of the pockets of the book. There was a second pocket which she had not yet examined. She put her hand into it, and touching something, drew out a letter.

The envelope (already opened) was addressed to "James Brown, Esq., Post-office, Zeeland." Would it be inconsistent with her respect for her father's memory to examine the letter? No; a glance would decide whether she ought to read it or not.

It was without date or address; a startling letter to look at—for it only contained three words: "I say No."

The words were signed in initials: "S. J."

In the instant when she read the initials, the name occurred to her.

Sara Jethro!

CHAPTER LXII.

THE DEFENSE OF MIRABEL.

The discovery of the letter gave a new direction to Emily's thoughts, and so relieved her mind, for the time at least, from the burden that weighed on it. To what question on her father's part had "I say No" been Miss Jethro's brief and stern reply? Neither letter nor envelope offered the slightest hint that might assist inquiry; even the postmark had been so carelessly impressed that it was illegible. Emily was still pondering over the three mysterious words, when Mrs. Ellmother interrupted her.

"Have you misunderstood me?" she asked.

"In what way, if you please?"

"I said I wished to be left alone till to-morrow."

"There's another person who has wishes to be consulted, Miss, besides yourself. Mrs. Delvin says she must positively see you to-night. It's my belief that she will send for the servants, and have herself carried in here, if you refuse to do what she asks. You needn't be afraid of seeing Mr. Mirabel."

"Where is he?"

"His sister has given up her bedroom to him," Mrs. Ellmother answered. "She thought of your feelings before she sent me here, and had the curtains closed between the sitting-room and the bedroom. I suspect my nasty temper misled me when I took a dislike to Mrs. Delvin. She is a good creature, and she has a good reason, in my opinion, for wishing to see you."

"Did she seem to be angry when she sent you here?"

"Angry! She was crying when I left her."

Emily hesitated no longer.

She noticed a remarkable change in the invalid's sitting-room—so brilliantly lighted on other occasions—the moment she entered it. The lamps were shaded and the candles were all extinguished. "My eyes don't bear the light so well as usual," Mrs. Delvin said. "Come and sit near me, Emily; I hope to quiet your mind. I should be grieved if you left my house with a wrong impression of me."

Knowing what she knew, suffering as she must have suffered, the quiet kindness of her tone implied an exercise of self-restraint which appealed irresistibly to Emily's sympathies. "Forgive me," she said, "for having done you an injustice. I am ashamed to think that I shrank from seeing you when I returned from Belford."

"I will endeavor to be worthy of your better opinion of me," Mrs. Delvin replied. "In one respect, at least, I may claim to have had your best interests at heart—while we were still personally strangers. I tried to prevail on my poor brother to own the truth, when he discovered the terrible position in which he was placed toward you. He was too conscious of the absence of any proof which might induce you to believe him if he attempted to defend himself—in one word, he was too timid to take my advice. He has paid the penalty, and I have paid the penalty, of deceiving you."

Emily started. "In what way have you deceived me?" she asked.

"In the way that was forced on us by our own conduct," Mrs. Delvin said. "We have appeared to help you without really doing so. We calculated on inducing you to marry my brother, and then (when he could speak with the authority of a husband) on prevailing with you to give up all further inquiries as absolutely hopeless. When you insisted on seeing Mrs. Rook, he had the money in his hand to bribe her and her husband to leave England."

"Oh, Mrs. Delvin!"

"I don't attempt to excuse myself. I don't expect you to consider how sorely I was tempted to secure the happiness of my brother's life by marriage with such a woman as yourself. I don't remind you that I knew, when I put obstacles in your way, that you were blindly devoting yourself to the discovery of an innocent man."

Emily heard her with angry surprise. "Innocent?" she repeated. "Mrs. Rook recognized his voice the instant she heard him speak."

Impenetrable to interruption, Mrs. Delvin went on.

"But what I do ask," she persisted, "even after our short acquaintance, is this: do you suspect me of deliberately scheming to make you the wife of a murderer?"

Emily had never viewed the serious question between them in this light. Warmly, generously, she answered the appeal that had been made to her. "Oh, don't think that of me! I know I spoke thoughtlessly and cruelly to you just now—"

"You spoke impulsively," Mrs. Delvin interposed; "that was all. Now that I am encouraged to go on I may tell you the rest. Let me say first that I have no interested object in view. I understand but too well that there can be no hope, now, of a marriage engagement between you and my brother. When you leave me—how can I expect you to remain here after what has happened?—I wish you to leave me knowing all that I know, and not deceived by appearances, as the coroner and jury were deceived. You are aware, I suppose, that your father and my brother were strangers when they met at the inn?"

"Yes, I know that."

"If there had been any conversation between them when they retired to rest, they might have mentioned their names. But your father was pre-occupied, and my brother, after a long day's walk, was so tired that he fell asleep as soon as his head touched the pillow. He only woke when the morning dawned. What he saw, when he looked toward the opposite bed, might have struck with terror the boldest man that ever lived. His first impulse was naturally to alarm the house. As he got on his feet, he saw his own razor—a blood-stained razor—on the bed by the side of the corpse. At that discovery he lost all control over himself. In a panic of terror he snatched up his knapsack, unfastened the yard door, and fled from the house. Knowing him as we know him, can we wonder? Many a man has been hanged for murder on circumstantial evidence less direct than the evidence against poor Miles. Do you think I am exaggerating?"

"Certainly not!"

"More than that I must not ask you to concede," Mrs. Delvin continued. "In the utter absence of proof of my brother's innocence, how can I complain of your having been convinced of his guilt? I dare not even contradict you, if you declare that I am myself deceived in believing him to be as innocent as I am of that horrible crime. All I can hope is, that I may have shown you some reason to doubt. Will you give him the benefit of the doubt?"

"Willingly!" Emily replied. "Am I right in supposing that you don't despair of proving his innocence even yet?"

"I don't quite despair; but my hopes have grown fainter and fainter as the years have gone on. There is a person associated with his escape from Zeeland—a person named Jethro—"

"You mean Miss Jethro?"

"Yes. Do you know her?"

"I know her—and my father knew her. I have found a letter addressed to him, which I have no doubt was written by Miss Jethro. It is barely possible that you may understand what it means. Pray look at it."

"I am quite unable to help you," Mrs. Delvin answered, after reading the letter. "All I know of Miss Jethro is, that but for her interposition my brother might have fallen into the hands of the police. She saved him."

"Knowing him, of course?"

"That is the remarkable part of it: they were perfect strangers to each other."

"But she must have had some motive?"

"*There* is the foundation of my hope for Miles! Miss Jethro declared, when I wrote and put the question to her, that the one motive by which she was actuated was the motive of mercy. I don't believe her. To my mind it is in the last degree improbable that she would consent to protect a stranger from discovery who owned to her (as my brother did) that he was a fugitive suspected of murder. She knows something, I am firmly convinced, of that dreadful event at Zeeland, and she has some reason for keeping it secret. Have you any influence over her?"

"Tell me where I can find her!"

"I can't tell you. She has removed from the address at which my brother saw her last. He has made every possible inquiry—without result."

As she replied in those discouraging terms, the curtains which divided Mrs. Delvin's bedroom from her sitting-room were drawn aside. An elderly woman-servant approached her mistress's couch.

"Mr. Mirabel is awake, ma'am. He is very low; I can hardly feel his pulse. Shall I give him some more brandy?"

Mrs. Delvin held out her hand to Emily. "Come to me to-morrow morning," she said, and signed to the servant to wheel her couch into the next room. As the curtains closed over them, Emily heard Mirabel's voice. "Where am I?" he said, faintly. "Is it all a dream?"

The prospect of his recovery, the next morning, was gloomy indeed. He had sunk into a state of deplorable weakness, in mind as well as in body. The little memory of events that he still preserved was regarded by him as the memory of a dream. He alluded to Emily, and to his meeting with her unexpectedly. But from that point his recollection failed him. They had talked of something interesting, he said, but he was unable to remember what it was; and they had waited for somebody at a railway station, but who the person was he could not tell. He sighed, and wondered when Emily would marry him, and so fell asleep again, weaker than ever.

Not having any confidence in the doctor at Belford, Mrs. Delvin had sent an urgent message to a physician at Edinburgh, famous for his skill in treating diseases of the nervous system. "I can hardly expect him to reach this remote place before to-morrow," she said; "I must bear my suspense as well as I can."

"You shall not bear it alone," Emily answered. "I will wait with you until the doctor comes."

Mrs. Delvin lifted her frail, wasted hands to Emily's face, drew it a little nearer, and kissed her.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A BUTTERFLY IN THE CITY.

Fair creature of a few short sunny hours,
Sweet guileless fay,
Whence flittest thou, from what bright world of flowers,
This summer day?

Why didst thou quit thy comrades of the grove
And meadows green?
What fate untoward urges thee to rove
Through this strange scene?

Oh, hie thee to the fragrant country air
And liberty!
The city is the home of toil and care—
No place for thee!

RICE CULTURE IN THE SOUTH.

A pound of the best rice in the New York market costs eight cents. It has a pearly, transparent glint, a beautiful polish and lustre; yet very few who use this very attractive article of food are aware of the labor and expense required to place it before them in this perfect state. As an article of food it is second alone to wheat, and is the grand natural cereal upon which at least four hundred millions, or nearly one-third of mankind, mainly subsist.

Almost incalculable areas of it are raised in India and China, the various varieties seeming endless. On the island of Ceylon alone no less than 161 varieties are known; but the finest is raised in our own States of North and South Carolina and Georgia, where those vast expanses of low-lying swampy lands and heavy vegetable soils render its cultivation comparatively easy and profitable.

The great fields lying low along the river-banks are divided into sections, and trunks and canals carry the water to each one separately by smaller ditches, by which they are flooded whenever desired. The rice is frequently sown on the water-covered soil, where it quickly germinates, covering the fields with a beautifully delicate green grassy carpet, which turns a lighter and yellower tinge as it ripens.

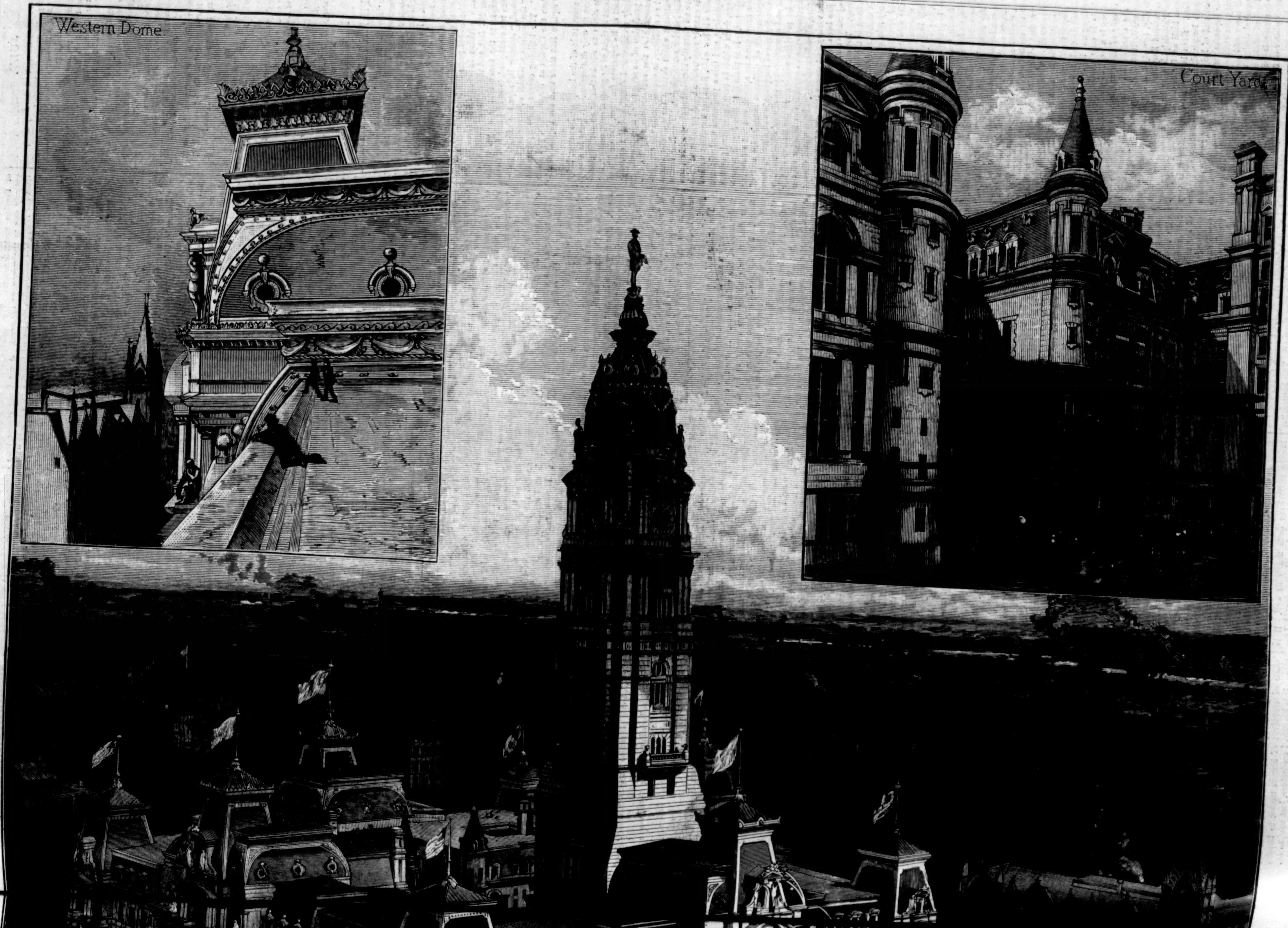
As most of the fields have been reclaimed from the rivers near which they lie, they are continually subject to sudden overflows, the utmost vigilance being required to guard against this enemy, which often in one night ruins the fruits of months of labor. Some of the larger plantations cover two and three thousand acres, and employ several hundred men, women, and children.

From 1720 to 1740 the export of rice from the Carolinas was 143,986 tons. For 1740 alone 90,000 barrels were shipped. At the outbreak of the war one million acres were under cultivation in South Carolina alone. In 1860 the production was 187,162,032 pounds, but the war almost ruined this immense industry, and in 1870 the combined production of the two Carolinas, Louisiana, and Georgia was reduced to 59,000,000 pounds. A steady improvement, however, toward the old-time prosperity is now seen by comparing the productions of later years with that of 1866, when it had dwindled to the comparatively insignificant amonut of 12,002,080 pounds.

Very few besides Chinese and negroes can be kept on the plantations as workers, and owing to the intensely trying nature of the climate in summer, with its accompanying marsh fevers, the question of labor supply is a very serious one to the planters; but while the old-fashioned methods of cutting, sowing, and transporting still prevail on most plantations, numerous labor-saving machines and improvements have been introduced with marked success in the various milling processes.

Many large mills are to be seen on the low shores of the Mississippi, in the vicinity of New Orleans, but those at Charleston and Savannah are perhaps the largest and most complete in their appointments. Many are lofty buildings of brick or iron, their many stories crowded with the latest improved machinery for hulling, dusting, cleaning, burnishing, and packing the grain ready for shipment. Situated at the water's edge, their tall chimneys pouring forth heavy columns of smoke, their derricks lifting the rough grain from the decks of the river craft, while the elevators, with long-armed spouts, dip deep into and fill the great holds of sea-going steamers with milled grain, the clouds of drifting chaff dust, the whir of machinery, and hurrying of boats and tugs, all present a most charming picture, and unmistakably indicate the rapid revival of one of the most valuable of our Southern industries.

THE NEW PHILADELPHIA CITY HALL.—Drawn by F. B. Schell.—[See Page 434.]


Western Dome.
Court Yard.

JULY.

Holding Love's hand through all the July heat,
I timed with gentle songs my happy feet,
And passed through blowing fields of golden wheat,
Holding Love's hand.
I pulled the crimson poppies all aglow
With light and heat; or, bending low,
Found out the place where sweet hedge-berries grow,
Holding Love's hand.

I heard, through strong deep scents of bleaching hay,
The sounds of labor, sweet and far away
From the green peace where I could rest or stay,
Holding Love's hand.
I breathed for very joy in deep low sighs,
Under the pines, like dim and dreary skies.
Ah, it was sweet to look into Love's eyes
And hold his hand!

O'er the green miles of the long marshy grass
I watched the summer shadows idly pass;
For there are shadows in Love's sky, alas!
Holding his hand,
In brightest days I have a moment wept,
Just as in brightest hours tired Love has slept;
Ah, then what patient watch my eyelids kept,
Holding Love's hand!

Thus Love dreamed sweetly through our hearts' July;
Under the cloud and sunshine of our sky,
Dreamed of Love's harvest-time, while I sat by,
Holding his hand—
While I sat by and mused, for well I knew
'Twould not be always July. Need I rue
If life's strange fitful journey I pass through,
Holding Love's hand?

THE PHILADELPHIA CITY HALL.

If the "mount of marble" that is to house the city government of Philadelphia had no other claim to notice than that of being the largest public building in the United States, it would still be very noticeable. It is a parallelogram, nearly a square of 475 feet in extreme dimensions, surrounding an interior court. Although only of four apparent stories, counting the roof story, it measures at the lowest parts 118 feet in height, while the centre pavilion in each front rises to the height of 201 feet, and the statue of Penn, which is to culminate the tower that is as yet visible only from the court-yard, is to end 535 feet from the ground, "making it," says the official pamphlet, "the highest artificial construction in the world." The building covers 2800 square feet more than the Capitol at Washington, and some 40,000 square feet more than the Capitol at Albany.

The magnitude of the building, however, is by no means its only distinction. It puts in a very positive claim to admiration as an architectural monument in right of its general composition, the treatment of its separate features, the design of its strictly architectural detail, and the extraordinary profusion of its sculptured adornment.

In composition the architecture may be described as arbitrary, in opposition to the expressive treatment which derives the exterior forms from the interior arrangement. The four fronts here are all virtually identical in composition, and each is exactly symmetrical. A pavilion at each end, one window wide, flanking a curtain wall of four openings, and this a projected wall of three openings, from which in turn the central pavilion is projected. It is plain that this façade repeated four times must be a mask and not a face for the apartments of different magnitudes and of different degrees of importance and dignity, from courts and council-rooms to clerks' offices, which must be provided within. If the motive of the architecture were to express the interior of the structure, abundant variety at least would ensue; but the variety that comes from an expressive design has been abandoned for an arbitrary series of projections and recessions, of heightening and lowering. The entrance archway in the centre of each front is the only feature of which the meaning is unmistakable. Elsewhere it is plain that the only relation of the interior to the exterior is one of mechanical adjustment. So far, indeed, has the arbitrary method of design been carried that, whereas the building is for the most part actually in six stories, it appears to be only in three, the windows being enlarged to make them more impressive objects, and the actual second and fourth floors appearing as transoms in the openings of the first and second stories.

The architectural features of the pile are not, for the most part, its constructional features. They consist of groups of free-standing columns, of attached pilasters, of pediments closed and open, carried sometimes on columns and sometimes on caryatides. It is not an exaggeration to say that without these things the building would contain no architecture, and it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that these things might all be removed without detriment to the stability of the building, which is to say that the building is one thing and its architecture another.

This is only another way of saying that the building is a work of academic Renaissance, since it is only of modern Renaissance buildings, and of the classical Roman buildings from which they are derived, that this can ever be said. Specifically, the style is the French architecture of the Second Empire. In its general composition the Philadelphia City Hall is a building of the same kind as, for example, the New York Post-office. Even in general composition it is very much better done. The differences of projection and of height are not mere jogs to account for separate roofs, but are bold enough really to vary the outlines, and the basement gives a sense of mass and solidity. But upon the whole the general design does not rise above the ordinary level of official architecture, and its commonplace character is not abated by the floridness and multiplicity of its features.

Nevertheless, there is one Renaissance of Paris and there is another Renaissance of Peoria, and the general impression of the Philadelphia building is that of Parisian sumptuousness, and not of Peorian pretentiousness. The difference is entirely due to the treatment of detail. Apart from the sculptural decoration, the purely architectural detail everywhere in the exterior walls shows trained skill and study in adjustment and in design. The effect of the parts is not that of loudness and coarseness, but of moderation and restraint. The north entrance is perhaps the best proportioned and best detailed piece of Renaissance work in monumental architecture that is to be seen in this country, and the detail elsewhere has the same educated character. Upon the whole, the decorative appendages are overdone, comparing them with similar features upon works so florid as the most recent pavilions of the Louvre, or even on the New Opera; but every feature by itself, even the feature formed in each central pavilion by three tiers of grouped columns carrying a pediment, is so well designed that it is difficult to call it excessive, and everywhere the detail is that of a designer unquestionably learned in the style he has adopted.

The architecture of the interior court becomes important from the great size of the space which it surrounds, and interesting from the difference between its treatment and that of the exterior. Instead of an example of the official French architecture of the nineteenth century, this is a reminiscence of the free French architecture of the sixteenth century—the architecture of the châteaux. Here the two stories, which on the outside are masked by one range of windows, are confessed in the treatment; winding staircases are shown for what they are, the great semicircular staircase at the base of the tower appears as an effective object, and altogether the architecture is less like a screen and more like an exposition. This gives a refreshing sense of reality, and when in the interior we come upon a stone staircase which is simply an ornamented construction, and in which the forms of the parts are determined by their function, we receive the same impression. Unfortunately this expressive architecture is much less skillfully designed than the conventional architecture of the outside; the construction is not developed till it becomes decorative; there is little study in the arrangement of the openings; and the effect of the court is upon the whole that of flatness and thinness, redeemed in some degree by the picturesque outlines of the turrets at the south end, and especially by the apsidal building at the north end, which contains the staircase already mentioned.

The tower as yet counts only as part of the architecture of the court. The drawings indicate that it will exhibit several interesting points of design, especially the ingenious insertion of the drums at the angles which soften the transition from the square to the octagon at the clock stage. But they also indicate that the chief purpose of the designer has been, not that of crowning his edifice with a structure which should be justly proportioned to it, and should have the effect of bringing all its parts into unity, but that of "making it the highest artificial construction in the world." This is not an artistic motive, and it has had the effect of "spinning out" the tower to dimensions beyond what its design would justify.

The praise which we have given the design for the moderation and restraint of its detail must be understood of the walls alone. Above the cornice line these qualities are rarely to be detected. The design of the dormers is not happy, and the large dormers above the pavilions are overloaded with objects themselves extravagant in scale. In the iron-work of the roofs restraint is lost altogether. The sheet metal cornice at the top of the Mansard is grossly excessive, and in its form, instead of being a protecting flap, is an imitation of a heavily moulded stone cornice in a position in which stone would be impossible. In opposition to the Parisian refinement of detail below, the treatment of the roofs is wildly Peorian. One unfortunate effect of the use of iron in stone forms and painted white is to throw a doubt upon the genuineness of such of the actual masonry as is too remote from the eye to be unmistakably marble.

There is scanty space left in which to speak of the sculptural adornment of the building, though the profusion of this is perhaps the most noticeable fact of the great pile, and its artistic quality the most creditable. It includes a vast amount and a great variety of carved ornament, floral and animal, a series of portrait medallions, and an amount of allegorical figure sculpture which, in copiousness at least, is approached by no public building in this country, and by very few modern buildings in Europe. All of this work has been modelled by Mr. Calder and his assistant Mr. Hamilton, and all of it shows a technical facility which attests a thorough training not merely in decorative but in independent sculpture.

Upon the whole, the purely decorative work is perhaps the most successful. It is rare in modern decorative sculpture to come upon work better than the best of the work here. In grace and spirit, as well as in technical facility, the modelling in the panels on either hand of the north entrance, and in some of the ornaments of the lintels and jambs elsewhere, leaves nothing to be desired, and the carving is everywhere executed with admirable sharpness and precision. The more ambitious sculpture appears in the spandrels of the principal arches, over pediments, and as caryatides in the dormer. The modelling is everywhere equally faithful, and many of the compositions are extremely graceful. The whole iconography of the building would repay days of study. The intrusting, however, of so great and ambitious a scheme to any single sculptor made it inevitable that there should be a somewhat tiresome sameness, insomuch that having inspected two or three of the designs, the hasty observer is apt to conclude that he has seen them all. This impression is the more readily received since Mr. Calder's talent lies more in the expression of gentleness and grace than of force, and his best work is lulling rather than exciting. Where vigor is attempted, as in the caryatides of the dormers, the result is much less successful than his adaptation of flowing contours to the lines of the spandrels.

We may waive the architectural objections to the employment as caryatides of figures so realistic as these, but the objections to the Michælangelesque superposition of recumbent figures on pediments are not so easily waived, and there are too many reminiscences of the Medicean tombs. Although it is so abundantly precedented in French architecture, the use of different scales in the figure sculpture of the same façade is always confusing. In one of these central pavilions, for example, the figures in the spandrels of the archway are of life size, in the spandrels of the second story are of heroic size, and under the pediment of the third are much smaller, while colossal caryatides carry the broken pediment of the dormer, on which in turn repose two Michælangelesque figures which agree in scale with nothing underneath. This confusion is very unfavorable to the general view of the pavilion from a point not so remote that the figures count only as an enrichment of the surface.

Notwithstanding these drawbacks, the Philadelphia City Hall undoubtedly offers the most successful as well as the most extensive employment of allegorical sculpture as architectural decoration that has been attempted in this country. And if Mr. McArthur's work is commonplace and uninteresting in general design, the intelligent study and adjustment of its detail give it interest, and make it by far the best example we have of the exuberant and unclassical classicism of modern French architecture—at least as good an example as the Capitol at Washington is of the really classical severity of an earlier style.

Montgomery Schuyler.

THE CLOSING OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

Soon all over the land a hush will fall on its countless busy school-houses; six millions of children will be let loose from school, and a hundred thousand weary teachers find the brief rest they have so well deserved. It is one of the most pleasing and the most re-assuring of all the traits of the time that so large a part of the nation is passing through the processes of education. Children, it is well said, are the best agents of social reform. If they are taught order, a sense of propriety, and at least the elements of knowledge, they will apply their acquirements to the best uses of society. If they are left to ignorance and dullness, they sink into brutality and crime. Nations have come to regard themselves as only large families, in which none of the members should be left without a careful training. It has been found easier to prevent than to cure evil. Education has been applied upon a scale and at an expense that must have seemed incredible to our semi-barbarous ancestors of the past centuries, and the results have been singularly beneficial. Diseases that once ravaged the Western world have been repelled or eradicated. Famines that once desolated Europe have been prevented by free trade in food. Crime diminishes wherever knowledge has prevailed. It is even hoped that the fell spirit of war may yield at last to the power of education, and men learn to cultivate their earth in peace for the common good.

The past fifteen years have been the most memorable in the annals of popular education. Never has it made so swift a stride, so wonderful an advance. In both hemispheres it has been equally victorious over mediæval and modern prejudice. In Europe, far away in Servia and Roumania, and in the empire of Austria and Hungary, a wonderful system of free schools has grown up, and millions of children have been added to the lists of scholars. France and England, in 1860 among the least progressive of nations, have already their universal systems of popular instruction. Belgium has made rapid strides. Germany, Holland, and Scandinavia have long been among the best educated of nations. Italy, young, yet covered with the glory of literary ages, has already reduced the proportion of its illiterates by a new scheme of education. Spain lingers far behind Italy, while, on the eastern borders of Europe, Russia and Turkey still represent the semi-barbarous dullness of the past centuries. Yet even Russia and Turkey are stirred by the power of knowledge.

In America the advance of public instruction in the past fifteen years has been more remarkable than even in Europe. The great States of the West and the Northwest and all the Pacific shore have gathered in an immense number of children into their public schools. Canada has an excellent system of public instruction. While through all the broad districts where slavery once repelled knowledge, from Texas to the Potomac, education for all the people has at last begun. The teacher has already awakened and renewed the South. Its rare treasures have been discovered and brought into use. Its crops are greater than ever before. Its railroads grow with education. South Carolina has unfolded its wealth of fertilizers, Georgia its cotton factories, the Alleghany range its stores of iron, coal, and all the materials of labor. The teacher's magic wand has been waved over the neglected land. In Mexico and South America we hear little as yet of the progress of popular education. Chili has done much, and Brazil something. It would be well for South American republicans to give all their energy to the establishment of public schools.

Immense numbers of children have recently been brought under the teacher's influence and care. England boasts that it has within ten years added 2,000,000 to its school population. France must have done nearly as well. It is said that in Paris a seat in a school is provided for every child. We must compute several millions more for the numbers added in Italy, Austria, and Spain. The host is swelled by the accessions in our own country. A million of children are now taught in our Southern States who in former years would never have thought of education, and north and west the triumph of the teacher moves on. Yet it is still to be confessed that our educational system is inferior in thoroughness to the national systems that have recently been introduced into France and England. But the host of children who are now gathered into the national schools of both hemispheres is at least encouraging. The accessions alone during the past ten years are not less than five millions.

Over this immense host presides a faithful and devoted band of teachers. No class of men are in general so useful, so true often to their profession, so modest, so sincere. Teachers are seldom well paid; their earnings are small compared to the higher profits of the bar, of commerce, or even of the churches. Yet they have the reward of a rare purity of conscience, of generous aims, of invaluable labors for the community and for mankind. Many of them feel and enjoy the high privilege of a blameless conscience; and he is fortunate who in this age of competition can do only good to his fellow-man. But still to the teacher something more is plainly due. He is at the head of the universal movement for reform. To him is committed the care of forming the taste and intellect of the future. He is the most important of all the paid instruments of government. It would seem that his useful, unselfish labors should be rewarded generously. For a moment at least they are nearly at an end. Teachers and taught will seek rest over Europe and America. But if, as M. Laurent, of Belgium, asserts, "children are the best agents of social reform," we may well look upon the immense multitude who fill the world's public schools as the forerunners of a higher life for the nations.

Eugene Lawrence.

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[From Our Own Correspondent.]

"Taking it out" of ex-Royalty.—Charles Reade's Note-Books.—In the Matrimonial Line.—The Sense of Smell.—Thought Reading.—The Baker Case.

The notion of catching a once despotic sovereign, with whom one has had a grievance, on civilized ground, "and taking it out of him" with a stick, is novel; indeed, I think the ex-Khedive of Egypt is the first upon whom the experiment has been attempted. I hear it has been a complete success, and that so far from the aggressor being likely to be punished, he has had a very considerable "backshish" for holding his tongue as to what his grievance was about, and keeping out of the way. There was a thoroughly Eastern and Arabian Nightish air in the behavior of the belabored potentate after the proceedings; he betook himself, we are told, "badly bruised," to a jeweller's in the Palais Royal, where he was "soothed with an extract of orange blossoms." Under similar circumstances a European would have patronized a chemist, and invoked the virtue of opodeldoc.

I suppose no writer, not even Southey, was ever so purely professional as Charles Reade; he not only "magnified his office" as a novelist, but never forgot it; all men who pursued the same calling, unless he chanced to have had a row with them, were welcomed by him as brethren, and never asked for advice or assistance of him in vain. This *esprit de corps*, in company with an egotism equally characteristic, has made itself manifest in his will. After forbidding any one to sell his personal effects by auction—"a practice, though common, I consider brutal and heartless"—he directs his godson "to offer for inspection at my own house, for a period of two years from my death, all my note-books and scrap-books to professional writers, especially of dramatic or narrative fiction, and public notice of this is to be given by advertisement."

In connection with the copyright question, so much debated at the present moment, I cull from Hawkins's *Life of Johnson* a very curious manifesto upon the subject, issued no doubt by the great lexicographer himself. The sale of the *Universal Chronicle*, which contained "The Tatler," was interfered with by literary depredators—rival proprietors of magazines—who "conveyed" his papers into their columns without permission or acknowledgment. "We shall lay hold," he says, "in our turn, on their copies, degrade them from the pomp of wide margin and diffuse typography, contract them into a narrow space, and sell them at a humble price; yet not with a view of growing rich by confiscation, for we think not much better of money got by punishment than by crimes; we shall therefore, when our losses are repaid, give what profit shall remain to the Magdalens, for we know not who can be more properly taxed for the support of penitents than those in whom there appears neither penitence nor shame."

"A shabbily dressed man, over fifty, and of miserable appearance," has been charged with marrying five wives, all living at this present moment. The amazement of the spectators, if not of "the Court" itself, seems to have been aroused at his having persuaded any one to marry him at all. His last investment in the matrimonial market was a lady with £500 a year of her own, who is convinced, by-the-way, that all these charges against her beloved consort are the result of a "conspiracy," so that there seems no reason, judging from analogy, why this gentleman should not have gone on making new and better marriages to the extreme limit of his existence, but for the officious interference of the police. There must surely be some attraction about such an individual, which it would be worth the while of a student of human nature to inquire into. It is his rôle, I conjecture, just now, to exhibit himself merely as an object of pity, since he

plaintively besought the magistrate to "send him to some hospital"; but I have a notion that he can "make up" so as to represent more characters than one. If his charms lie in his conversation, as those of Wilkes did—who, notwithstanding his squint, used to boast that he was "only a quarter of an hour behind the handsomest man in England" in making his way with the fair sex—the police court was hardly a place for the exhibition of them, and there I am inclined to think they do lie. I believe women of certain class, and that not a low one are more easily won over by "palaver" than any other means. But at all events this anything but gay Lothario seems to have met with universal acceptance. It is fair to add that he does not seem as a rule, to have deserted his wives · he distributed himself amongst them as well as circumstances permitted, but it struck each of them that his absences from home were "rather frequent."

In a recent action for damages a gentleman has been made a great deal of fun of for setting a fancy value upon his sense of smell, which he affirmed had been lost through the negligence of a railway company. With the case itself I have nothing to do, but the ridicule of the public has been misapplied. Not only do people lose a great deal who are deprived of their olfactory nerves—Wordsworth, for example, never smelled anything but once in his life, a bean field, and exclaimed, "This is heaven"—but also a valuable safeguard. A friend of mine to whom this misfortune had happened was making light of it to his doctor. "After all," he said, "there are as many bad smells as sweet scents, so that no great misfortune has happened to me."

"No misfortune," replied the other, gravely, "but a very serious drawback; you can not smell fire, which generally makes its danger known through the organs of smell, and you will never know when gas is escaping."

If our detective police are really so dull and useless as the impunity of so many murderers of late would lead one to imagine, it is possible that we shall have to take to thought-reading and muscle-feeling to supply their place; but in that case I, for one, am off.

> "Though Power should make from land to land
> The name of Britain trebly Great,"

though we should have an imperial policy of the most admirable kind, yet "waft me from the harbor mouth, wild wind," somewhere where I shall be safe in my bed. I do not believe in Messrs. Bishop and Cumberland as detectors of crime; and the effect of the latter on my muscles is wholly confined to the risible ones. The doings of these gentry, however, are like the Titchborne trial, extremely significant, for they manifest an amount of public credulity that would be otherwise undreamed-of, and of the existence of which it is just as well that those who are accustomed to boast of the march of intellect should be made aware. When we see a canon of the Church of England permitting himself to be tied by a wire to a man with his head in a bag, and led through the streets in search of a pin, we may expect anything in any place in the way of human folly. The act of picking up a pin is not of itself a very useful accomplishment, and seems scarcely to require the personal attendance of a dignitary of the Church and a chief rabbi to see it done. As to the pretended reading of bank-note numbers, I notice that one figure out of four is generally hit upon, and considering that the number of digits is but nine, such a very modest success needs hardly to be ascribed to miraculous intervention.

The best answer to the clamor which the riffraff of both sexes are making for the re-instatement of Baker Pasha in the English army will be found in a letter from the author of *Tom Brown* in *The Spectator*, wherein the difference between a soldier of fortune and a soldier in a national army is admirably pointed out, and also what is reasonably to be expected from one in the latter position. The whole movement for the restoration of the offender in question is curiously significant of the sort of morality that underlies a music-hall popularity and a Jingo policy.

R. Kemble, of London.

THE NEW LONDON BOAT-RACES.

The Yale-Harvard boat-race at New London, June 26, was a very plucky and gallant contest. The Yale crew "beat the record" by fourteen seconds, winning by two lengths, while the Harvard crew came in only one second behind the best time ever made in previous races between the College and the University.

The storm which prevailed all the morning prevented a large attendance, but those who braved the weather were well rewarded. The start was made by both crews in excellent form, and for the first half of the course they kept well together, almost abreast. Now Yale and now Harvard forged slightly ahead, and the excitement among the spectators was most intense. But the superior training of Yale, under Robert J. Cook, at length began to tell, and Harvard was left hopelessly behind. The melancholy defeat of Yale last year is atoned for by a victory which is all the more brilliant for the spirited performance of her gallant antagonist.

There have been nine eight-oared races between Yale and Harvard, including this year's, of which the record is as follows: In 1876, Yale won by 29 seconds in 22.02; 1877, Harvard won by 7 seconds in 24.36; 1878, Harvard won by 44 seconds in 20.45; 1879, Harvard won by 1 minute and 3 seconds in 32.15; 1880, Yale won by 42 seconds in 24.27; 1881, Yale won by 6 seconds in 22.13; 1882, Harvard won by 3 seconds in 20.47; 1883, Harvard won by 2 minutes and 47 seconds in 25.49; 1884, Yale won by 17 seconds in 20.31.

The Freshmen race between Columbia and Harvard, later in the same day, resulted in another defeat for the latter. At the close of the two-mile contest the Columbia crew were apparently as fresh as when they started, while the Harvards had rowed as far as they were able. Columbia's time was 10 minutes, 19¾ seconds, and Harvard's 10 minutes, 32 seconds.

HOISTING THE OLD FLAG.

Ay, lad, we'll hoist the Starry Flag,
The banner of the Free,
That o'er the land we love to-day
Will float from sea to sea;
Beneath whose folds the patriot hosts
Our Independence won:
Long may that goodly heritage
Descend from sire to son!

Ay, lad, the banner of the Free,
But not of conquering wars:
May never subject country curse
The flag of Stripes and Stars!
We'll welcome 'neath its sheltering folds
Oppression's exiled poor;
And firm against the world in arms
We'll hold our freedom sure!

Beneath its folds on bloody fields
Our country's freedom grew;
And ever to its glorious name
Let Freedom's flag be true;
The hallowed legend that it bears
To every land shall be,
"Peace and good-will to all the world,"
Its message from the Free!

BATHS FOR HEALTH AND PLEASURE.

Bishop Clemens, of Alexandria, used to denounce warm baths. Four assignable reasons for bathing, he used to say, existed, to wit, health, cleanliness, warmth, and pleasure. Men may bathe for health; women, for health and cleanliness; no one for any other reason. Baths for warmth and pleasure were to be utterly forbidden. Such was the inhibition of the good Titus Clemens at the beginning of the third century

There was more cause for it than might be supposed, except by the student of ancient luxury. Italy, and Rome especially, were full of magnificently appointed baths of many kinds. The structures of the Baths of Caracalla covered an area of 720 by 375 feet, or about six acres—nearly twice as much ground as the Capitol at Washington covers, and considerably more than the ground area of St. Peter's Cathedral at Rome. Seneca writes: "The Thracian stone, formerly a rare sight even in our temples, surrounds the capacious basins into which we cast our bodies, weakened by immoderate sweats; the water flows through silver pipes. I speak as yet only of plebeian baths; what shall I say when I come to describe the baths of freedmen? What a profusion of columns do I see supporting nothing, but erected merely as ornaments, and for ostentation of expense! What quantities of water flow murmuring down the steps! We are come to that pitch of luxury that we disdain to tread on anything but precious stones."

The manners of the bathers were quite as luxurious, and their license had to be checked by law. Seneca adds that "it was common to see tipsy people wandering along the sea-shore, and to hear the shores of the Lucrine Lake resounding with the songs of pleasure parties of men and women, who skimmed about in gayly painted boats of every variety of shape and color, decked out with crowns and chaplets of roses. Ancient writers describe these aquatic excursions as scenes of voluptuous pleasure."

But the old Romans did not confound, as we do, the distinction between bathing for health and bathing for luxury; let them have credit for this. Among all Northern peoples and their descendants there is more or less of a race and religious enmity to the Roman civilization and its doings. But at least we may admit that the Romans were not hypocrites in their open devotion to pleasure. If the Roman critics, on the other hand, could look upon our bathing customs, what would they find? Even Seneca would remark with surprise and blame that bathing for pleasure is now restricted to the pond and river bathing of small boys; and Bishop Clemens would denounce the affectation, to call it by a mild name, of the bathers at watering-places or in their marble-tiled *sudaria*, who declare that they are seeking health when all they think of is fashion or pleasure. Fashion and pleasure are excellent things, too, if the amiable shade of Titus Clemens will permit me to say so; but let us clearly distinguish them from the concerns of health.

To begin with "tubbing"—an inoffensive custom, dear to the English. But why will Englishmen continually talk about it as if other people never bathed? Even a new American acquaintance will seize an early moment to explain to you that he takes a cold bath every morning. Now cold bathing is for many persons the best of tonics, and swimming the best of exercise. But for many others cold baths are too severe a treatment, nor is there in frequent baths of any kind any such virtue as people are often urged to believe. Even cleanliness may be dangerous: there are circumstances where one may be too clean for safety to health or life.

I will explain my paradox. The skin does not absorb the water of a bath at ordinary temperatures. But if it is denuded of the cuticle, or unusually irritated by inflammation, it will absorb medicinal or poisonous substances, as those contained in a blister. The epidermis is a protection against this risk of absorption. When it is removed, as by blistering, or partly removed, as by zealous soaping and scrubbing, this protection is greatly lessened. Galton, in his *Art of Travel*, says that English travellers in malarious regions of Africa indulge in their usual fervent ablutions only at positive risk to themselves. All the protection that the epidermis can give is needed. The notion that the pores of the skin become clogged unless the epidermis is continually scrubbed off is quite unfounded. No false physiology of recent years has been more widely repeated by physicians and accepted by the public than this. If it were true that the skin needed scrubbing, there would be no fur-bearing animals, or they would long ago have become hopeless invalids. The story told by Vasari of the Florentine lad who was covered with gold-leaf, and died in consequence, does not prove that a covering of epidermis, or even of dirt, is hurtful to the health of either man or beast.

The removal of the epidermis is, then, no necessity for health, and if we are exposed to contagions it may be actually unsafe to denude our skins of their natural protection. But we are not all African travellers, and we may look upon warm baths for cleanliness in their true light, that of a refinement and a luxury—the luxury not a source of health. The cold bath (any bath below 20° centigrade = 68° Fahr.) is a tonic. It gives a glowing complexion, and a strengthened yet quieted circulation of the blood. The warmth of the bath is its element of luxury; its coldness is the tonic element.

I have said that a daily cold bath is an excellent tonic for many, but too severe a course of treatment for some. How are we to know to which category we belong, whether to the list of those benefited, or to that of those for whom some other tonic agent is better? Full-blooded persons generally belong to the first, the pale and delicate to the second class. But a careful course of trials is the only way to settle this question for the individual. If the warm glow come promptly to the skin, if one feels better after the bath, with better appetite and sleep, there can be little doubt that the baths are doing good.

But, on the other hand, (1) the cold bath is not adapted to anæmic persons—to those who have cold hands or feet and pale complexions—not, at least, until after they have gained strength enough to stand it; (2) the aged, and young infants, are seldom strong enough for baths that are colder than 68° Fahr.; and (3) persons who have a tendency to heart-disease should avoid them.

For cleanliness, warm baths or ablutions are the best for all; and what Miss Nightingale said is worth remembering in these days of cant about ablutions and "tubbing," "One may take as good a bath with a quart of water as with a tubful."

Titus Munson Coan.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

It has been discovered that the cañons of the West act as gigantic speaking tubes in conveying sounds. Speaking of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, a writer in the Oakland *Tribune* says: "A train of cars crossing the bridge at the Needles is heard on a quiet day at Cottonwood Island, eighty-four miles away; the music of fife and drum at Fort Mojave is recognized at Bull's Head, an equal distance; the sunrise gun at the fort awakens light sleepers at El Dorado Cañon, ninety-six miles beyond."

There is said to be a school in Chicago in which young men are taught the use of terms characteristically English, and are coached in the etiquette of the London clubs. If it is true that such a school flourishes there, it is not less noteworthy than the fact that persons who profess to teach English chirography find pupils among the Anglomaniacs of this city.

A workman fell over the wall of one of the bear-pits in the Jardin des Plantes, Paris, and lay insensible with a bleeding wound in his head. The visitors at once tried to divert the attention of the bears by throwing pieces of bread among them, but one of the beasts walked leisurely to the wounded man and began to lick up his blood. Amid intense excitement the keepers arrived, threw a rope into the pit, and tried to drive the bear off by punching him with sticks. Happily the injured man meanwhile had regained his senses, and presently clutched the rope and was drawn aloft, much to the irritation of the beast, which made no effort to conceal his disappointment. His case will be referred to Mr. Bergh.

It has been more than a score of years since that memorable season when there was severe frost in every month throughout the summer in the dairy regions of New York State. The July cold snap came on the night of either the 3d or the 4th, and the growing corn was killed. This season's June frosts were unusually severe, but so was this season's June heat. Between the frosts and the heat, the city is deprived of the usual late supply of delicious strawberries.

Thirty women of Clinton, this State, offered their votes in opposition to the proposal to spend a considerable sum for supplying the village with water-works. The votes of fifteen were rejected on the ground that their names were not on the assessment rolls, but the others were accepted and counted. The conservative women and other property-holders were defeated by a small majority.

The Parisian pianist who has wagered a large sum that he can play the piano in a lions' den seems to be in a fair way to find out that it is one thing to disperse a gathering of people, and quite another thing to put a den of lions to flight.

In Philadelphia a judge has sentenced a man to three months' imprisonment for pointing a pistol at another. What makes the judge's action especially gratifying to the public is that the prisoner "didn't know it was loaded." No punishment is too severe for these desperadoes.

The new steam-yacht of Baron Nathaniel Rothschild will be launched early this month, and will be the largest pleasure-yacht afloat. If somebody who is several times a millionaire would have the hardihood to build a yacht three-quarters of an inch shorter than the baron's, this tendency toward magnitude might be checked.

The Yankee captain of a schooner that recently came up the coast with a load of lumber is the author of a whale story as boldly conceived and as fearlessly executed as any iceberg story that ever a Dutch master of a merchantman brought into port. His vessel sailed among whales for many hours. The leviathans obligingly stood on end so that he could guess as to their length. They rolled over, and were generally "sized up" by the sea-faring man. When hit on the nose with logs hurled from the schooner, they didn't seem to mind it much. The captain didn't try to harpoon any of them, for fear they would break his ship.

A police sergeant in Jersey City was boasting of the honesty that prevailed in his precinct.

"Why," he said, "you might hang your gold watch on a lamp-post in the evening, and find it there still in the morning."

"You don't mean to say nobody would take the watch?" exclaimed a listener.

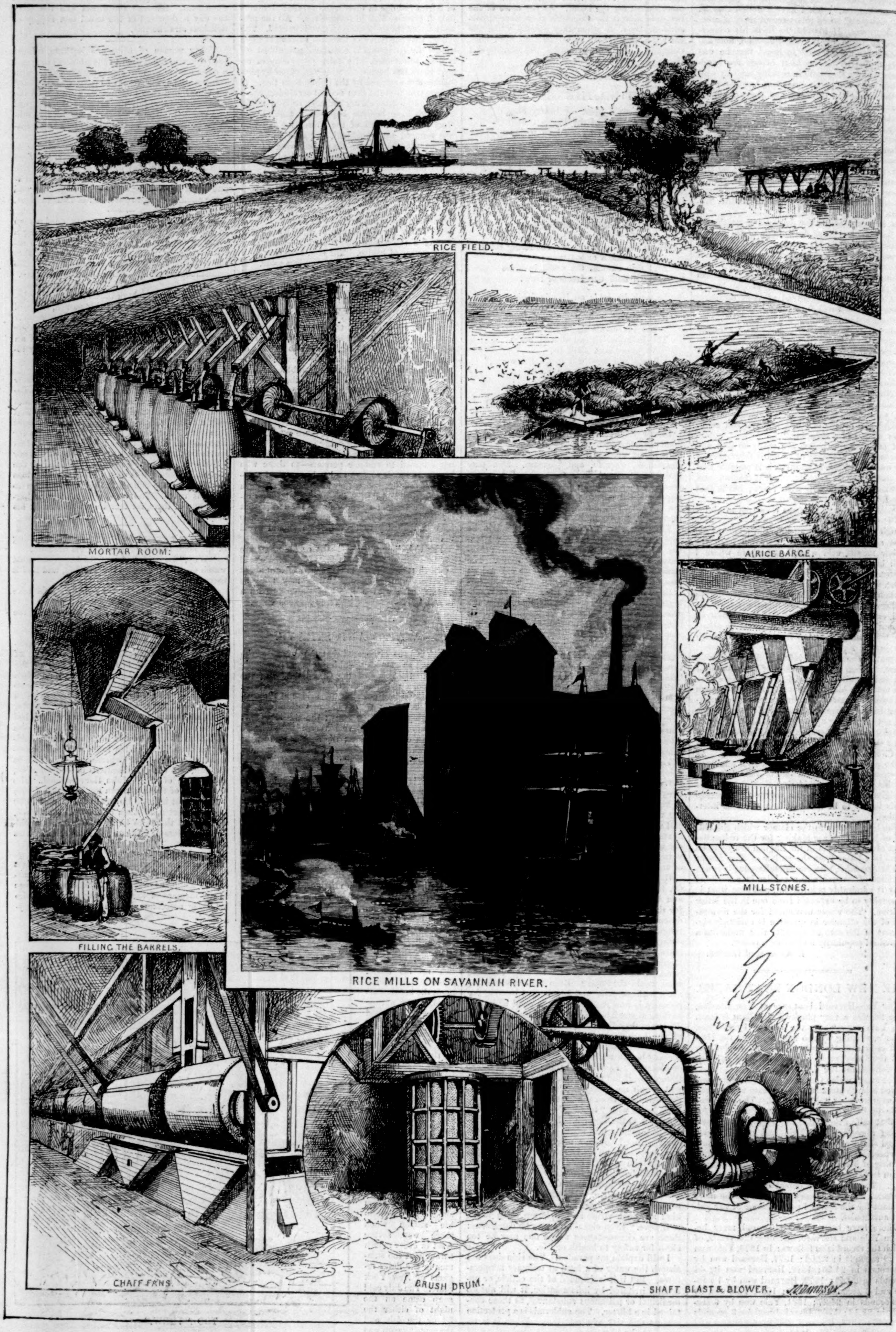
"No; I mean to say nobody would take the lamp-post," said the sergeant.

There will be persons who will find it impossible to feel wholly satisfied with the statue of John Harvard which is to have a place on the grounds of the university bearing that good man's name. The work is wholly ideal, for there is no likeness of him, nor is there any description which would have materially aided the sculptor in an attempt to produce a likeness. The ideal statue represents a young clergyman in the dress of Harvard's time, seated in an arm-chair, holding an open Bible on his knee, and looking forward with thoughtful expression. The face is Puritan, and shows indications of consumption, the disease of which John Harvard died. The discontent of those who can not be satisfied with a statue that is not a likeness of the man will be in no respect a criticism of the sculptor's work, and he will therefore be fortunate in his avoidance of a class of critics who are as relentless as incompetent.

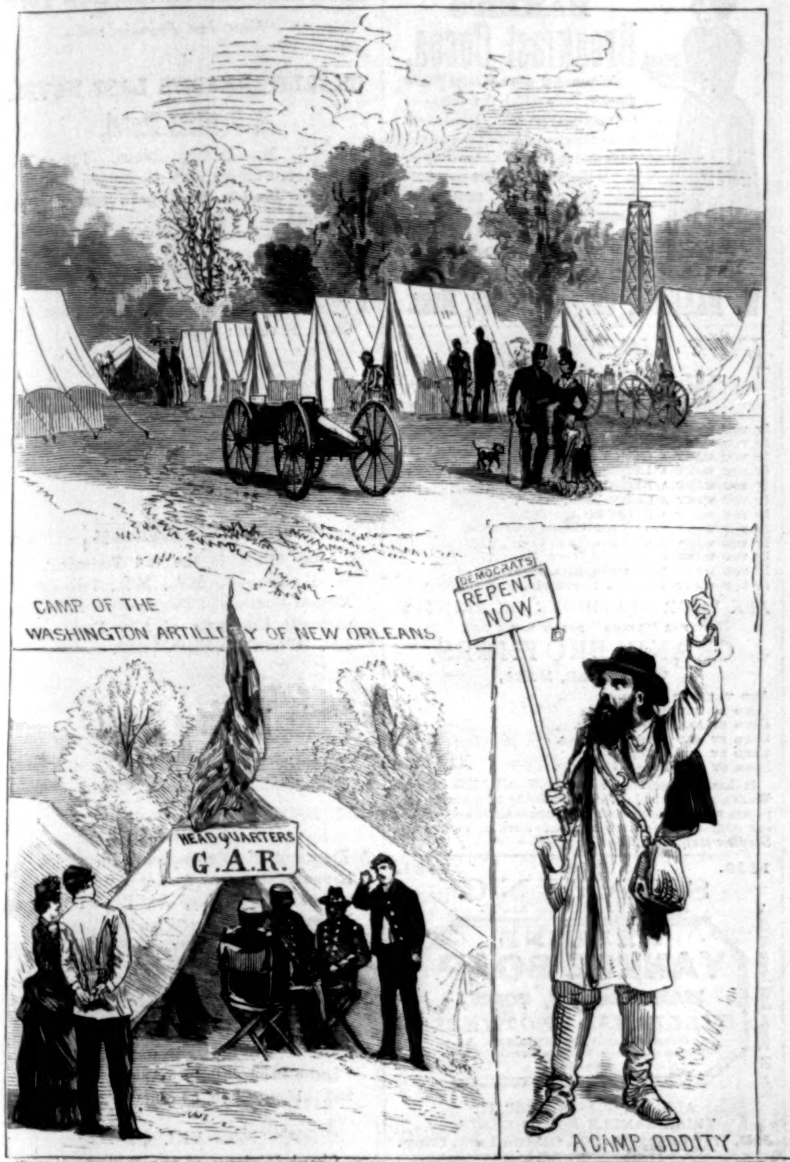
The income of an English writer of plays last year was twice as large as that of the most successful English lawyer, and three times as large as the incomes of the doctor and the artist who led their associates in the matter of money-getting.

TOO "TREW."

"We'd better take the next road, Abby. They dew tell as how them things hurt some, when they tumble, they dew."



RICE CULTURE IN THE SOUTH.—Drawn by J. O. Davidson.—[See Page 431.]

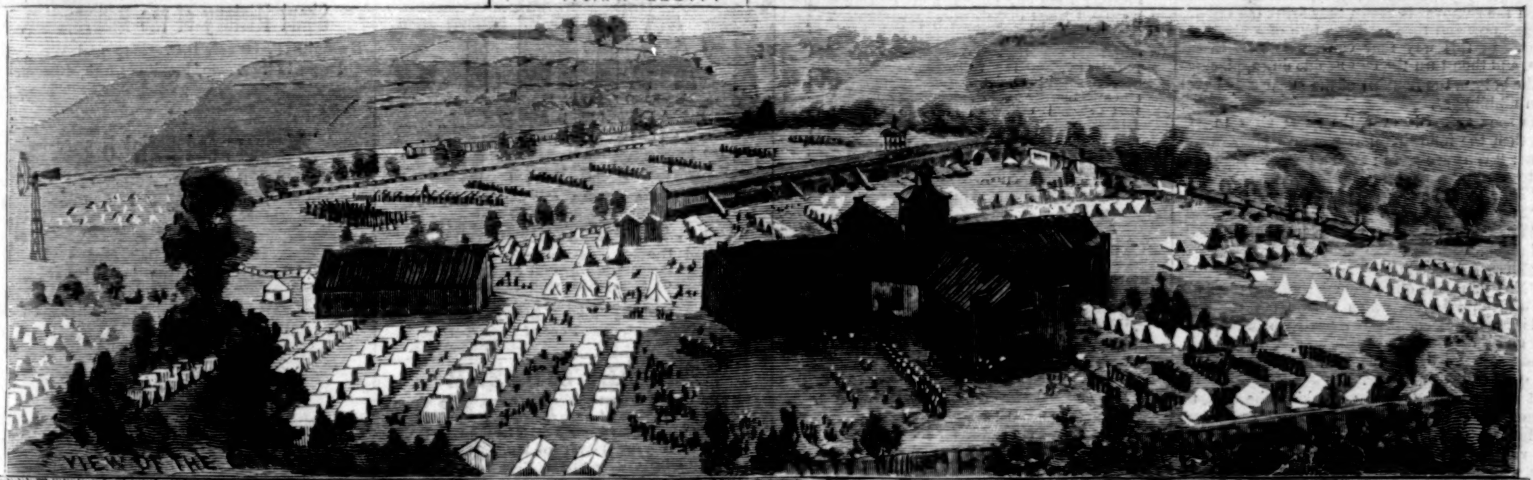


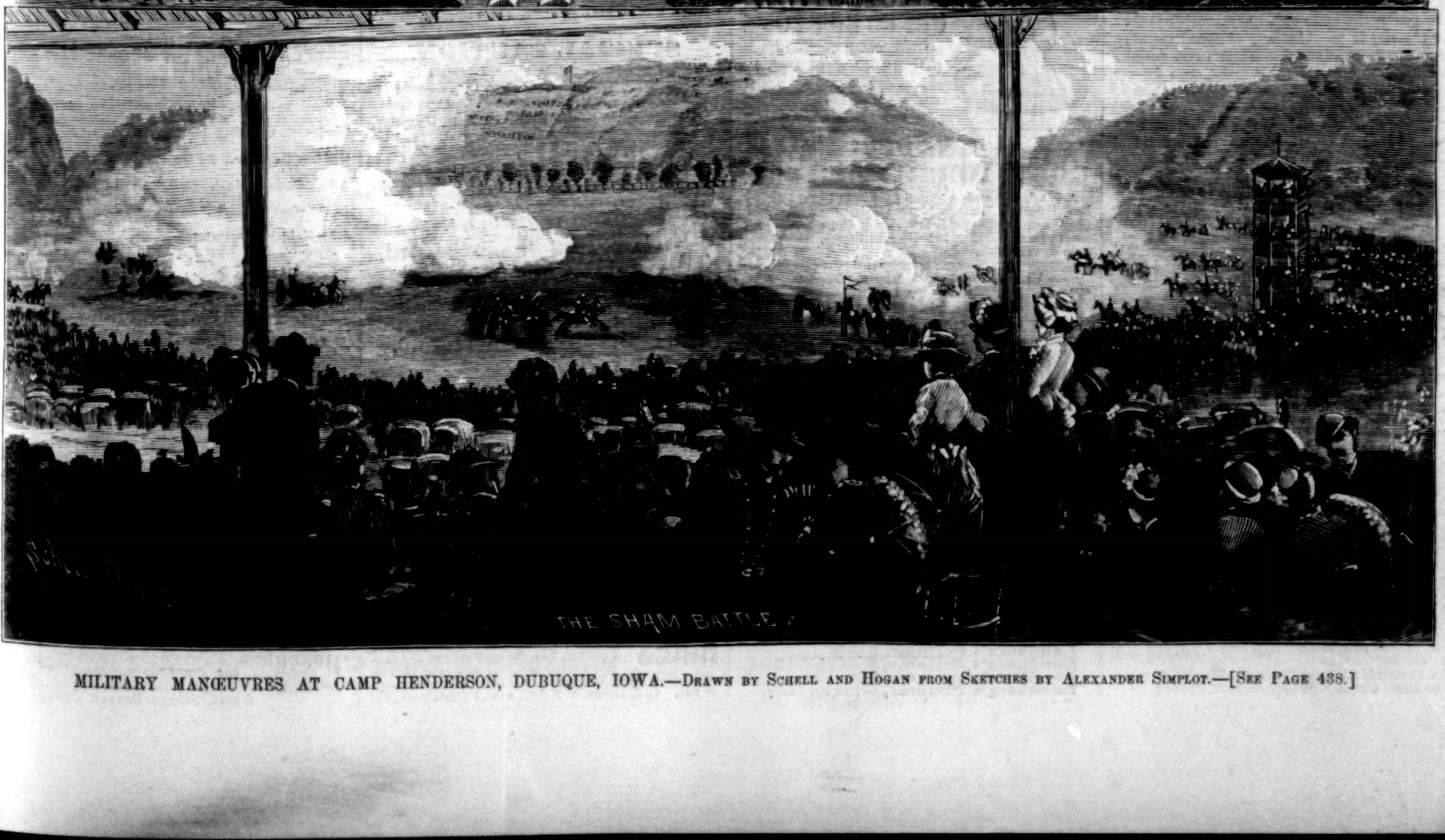
THE HON. W. H. CALKINS, REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR OF INDIANA.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY C. M. BELL.

WILLIAM H. CALKINS.

THE HON. WILLIAM H. CALKINS, the Republican candidate for Governor of Indiana, nominated on June 18, has been a member of Congress since 1876. The district which he represents was, prior to his election, largely Democratic, and the first time that he was a candidate he was defeated, but two years later he was elected over the same opponent by a majority of over 1100 votes. In Congress he has been one of the most popular and influential members.

He was born in Pike County, Ohio, in February, 1842, but since early boyhood he has lived in Indiana. From 1858 to 1861, while the local editor of the Lafayette *Daily Courier*, he devoted his leisure time to reading law. He was in the war from the beginning to the





MILITARY MANŒUVRES AT CAMP HENDERSON, DUBUQUE, IOWA.—DRAWN BY SCHELL AND HOGAN FROM SKETCHES BY ALEXANDER SIMPLOT.—[SEE PAGE 438.]

close—first, in an Indiana infantry company enlisted for three months' service, and next as a lieutenant in the Fourteenth Regiment of Iowa Infantry. He was afterward made a major of the Twelfth Indiana Cavalry, and when mustered out of the service, in 1865, he was brevetted a lieutenant-colonel. He was in the Libby and Macon Confederate prisons for seven months in 1862. He was in the battles at Fort Donelson, Fort Henry, and Shiloh. He began the practice of law at Valparaiso after the close of the war, and in 1866 he was elected a prosecuting attorney for a district composed of nine counties in northwestern Indiana. In 1870 he represented Porter County in the Indiana Legislature, and six years later was elected a member of Congress from the Thirteenth Indiana District.

THE DUBUQUE ENCAMPMENT.

The recent military encampment at Dubuque, Iowa, of which we give illustrations on page 437, was very successfully conducted under the supervision of General C. S. Bentley, a veteran of the late war. The manœuvres, the sham fight, the parades, drills, processions, and other displays incident to such a gathering, were conducted in a manner which elicited the warmest praise from the officers of the regular army by whom they were witnessed.

Like the Inter-State Encampment of 1883, at Nashville, Tennessee, at which General Bentley was also in command, the Dubuque Encampment was attended by military organizations from many sections of the country, North and South, and the regular army was represented by batteries from Fort Omaha and Fort Snelling. New Orleans sent a battery from her well-known "Washington Artillery," and there were companies from St. Louis, Chicago, Milwaukee, Mobile, Muscatine, St. Paul, and many other cities.

The association of detachments from the regular army with National Guardsmen in these encampments has proved to be a very happy idea, and General Bentley has been highly complimented by officers of the former on the success of his experiment. Companies from all sections of the country took part in the sham fight on the 20th ult., all meeting in friendly rivalry under the old flag.

SIBERIAN HOSPITALITY.

Even hospitality, that true Sclavonic virtue, has not become acclimatized in this inhospitable region. The peasants like to visit and treat each other, especially on high days and holidays; but this hospitality is the result of calculation. When a man is going to visit his neighbor, he never goes straight to the house, but walks along the road, and stops as if by chance at the window and begins a conversation; then, if the master or mistress wishes to see him, they invite him in. When the samovar is ready, they drink tea out of saucers, now and then taking a bite of a piece of sugar. In this way they consume about three cups, and then turn the cup upside down, placing on the bottom the remains of the sugar they have been nibbling at.

As soon as tea is over, the guest rises to go, and then the following dialogue invariably takes place: "Why are you in such a hurry?" says the hostess.

"Time to go home," answers the guest.

"Stay a little longer."

"Thank you; you have given us plenty to eat and drink."

"There was but little."

"No; there was quite enough; we had plenty."

This conversation, which always takes place, and is almost mechanically repeated, being ended, the guest approaches the host, and taking his hands, says, "I thank you for the vodka, the tea, the cakes, the sugar," etc.

It is indispensable, when thanking the host, to enumerate everything the guest has consumed during his visit. At the end of this catalogue the visitor humbly begs his host to come and see him, which, after a time, he does, and things go on in exactly the same way. Care must be taken that the viands provided are of equal quantity and quality. If at any time a man eats or drinks more than the host, when his guest, on a former occasion, did, quarrels, upbraidings, or sarcastic remarks are the result.

"I gave them tea and sugar, and they gave me nothing but tea;" or, "I gave them cake, and had nothing but bread in return."

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

EXCELLENT RESULTS.

Dr. J. L. Willis, Eliot, Me., says: "Horsford's Acid Phosphate gives most excellent results."—[*Adv.*]

FROM COL. D. McDANIEL,

OWNER OF SOME OF THE FASTEST RUNNING HORSES IN THE WORLD.

Jerome Park, *June* 21.

This is to certify that I have used Dr. Tobias' Venetian Horse Liniment and Derby Condition Powders on my race-horses, and found them to give perfect satisfaction. In fact, they have never failed to cure any ailment for which they are used. The liniment, when rubbed in by the hand, never blisters or takes the hair off; it has more penetrative qualities than any other I have tried, which I suppose is the great secret of its success in curing sprains. The ingredients from which the Derby Powders are made have been made known to me by Dr. Tobias. They are perfectly harmless.

D. McDaniel.

Sold by the druggists and saddlers. Depot, 42 Murray Street, New York.—[*Adv.*]

"Rough on Dentist" Tooth Powder. Try it. 15c.

Nervous Weakness, Dyspepsia, Headache, Debility, cured by "Wells' Health Renewer." $1.—[*Adv.*]

Dr. Fenner's St. Vitus' Dance Specific always cures. By dealers. Circular. Fredonia, N. Y.—[*Adv.*]

A bottle of Angostura Bitters, to flavor your lemonade or any other cold drink with, will keep you free from Dyspepsia, Colic, Diarrhœa, and all diseases originating from the digestive organs. Be sure to get the genuine Angostura, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.—[*Adv.*]

"Rough on Itch" cures humors, eruptions, ringworm, tetter, salt-rheum, frosted feet, chilblains.—[*Adv.*]

C. C. Shayne, wholesale manufacturer of Sealskin and all leading fashionable furs, is retailing during the summer at lowest cash wholesale prices. Garments manufactured to order. Repairing and altering done. Fur fashion book mailed free. No. 103 Prince St., N. Y.—[*Adv.*]

Prevalence of Kidney Complaint in America; "Buchu-paiba" is a quick, complete cure. $1.—[*Adv.*]

A FINE HAIR DRESSING.

Cocoaine dresses the hair perfectly, and is also a preparation unequalled for the eradication of dandruff. The superiority of Burnett's Flavoring Extracts consists in their purity and great strength.—[*Adv.*]

"Rough on pain" cures Colic, Cramps, Diarrhœa; externally for Aches, Pains, Sprains, Headache, Neuralgia.—[*Adv.*]

Sohmer's "Bijou Grand" Piano has created a great sensation. It is equal to larger instruments in tone, pitch, and other qualities. The smallest grand piano made.—[*Adv.*]

"Rough on Pain" Plaster.—Porous, strengthening, for Backache, Pains in the Chest, Rheumatism, 25c.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

WILSON'S Rolling Venetian Blind. Rolls from above or below as easily as an ordinary shade, and is a protection against thieves. (Any kind of wood.) Handsomely finished. Wilson's "English" Venetian Blinds, to pull up with cord. See cut. Wilson's Rolling STEEL SHUTTERS, fire and burglar proof. Send for illustrated catalogue. J. G. WILSON, 527 and 529 W. 22d St., New York. Mention this paper.

HEALTH

Is not possible when the blood is impure, and recovery from any ailment must be slow and uncertain while that condition continues. The Blood may be corrupted by the taint of **Hereditary Scrofula,** and the poisons of Mercurial and Contagious Diseases, and also by impurities implanted in it through excesses in living, improper food, derangement of the digestive and assimilatory organs, and other causes. The first external evidences of such vitiation are **Blackheads, Pimples, Sties, Eruptions,** and **Boils.** Yet more serious are the symptoms showing its internal effects in depression of the **Spirits, Lassitude, Weariness** without effort, **Headaches, Dizziness,** and enfeebled circulation. Be warned in time!

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Is the only medicine that will thoroughly purify the blood. In millions of cases, during nearly forty years in which it has been the best hope of humanity suffering from vitiation of the life-current, it has effected cures beyond the power of any other remedy. Leading physicians know its composition from the most powerful alteratives, diuretics, and tonics, and prescribe it in their practice.

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Sold by all druggists: Price $1; six bottles for $5.

THE ACME LEVER **CUFF BUTTONS** Overcome all trouble with **STIFF CUFFS.** The most convenient, strong, reliable button made. **Ask your Jeweller for them.**

KNAPP'S ROOT BEER EXTRACT.

A 25c. bottle makes 10 gallons KNAPP'S celebrated ROOT BEER. In liquid form; no boiling. The most healthy and economical beverage in the world. Send for circular. Depot, 362 Hudson Street, New York. Sold by most druggists.

Universally prescribed by the Faculty.

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A laxative and refreshing Fruit Lozenge for Constipation, loss of appetite, bile, headache, hemorrhoids, cerebral congestion, &c. Prepared by E. GRILLON, Sole Proprietor, 27, rue Rambuteau, Paris. Sold by all Druggists. TAMAR, unlike pills and the usual purgatives, is agreeable to take, and never produces irritation nor interferes with business or pleasure.

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TILES of All Descriptions; MOSAICS, MANTELS, GRATES, OPEN FIREPLACES, &c. Sole Agents for and only direct Importers of MINTON'S and of the Campbell Tile Co.'s Tiles. 75 and 77 West 23d Street, N. Y.

Lundborg's Perfume, Edenia.
Lundborg's Perfume, Maréchal Niel Rose.
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Lundborg's Perfume, Lily of the Valley.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

BAKER'S Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted ***absolutely pure Cocoa,*** from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has *three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health. **Sold by Grocers everywhere.**

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

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If you want a Journal made,
If you want a Cash Book made,
If you want a Ledger made,
If you want a Record made,
If you want a Check Book made,
If you want a Sales Book made,
If you want Paper for Correspondence,
If you want Paper for Letter Heads,
If you want Paper for Note Heads,
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If you want Writing Paper for any purpose,

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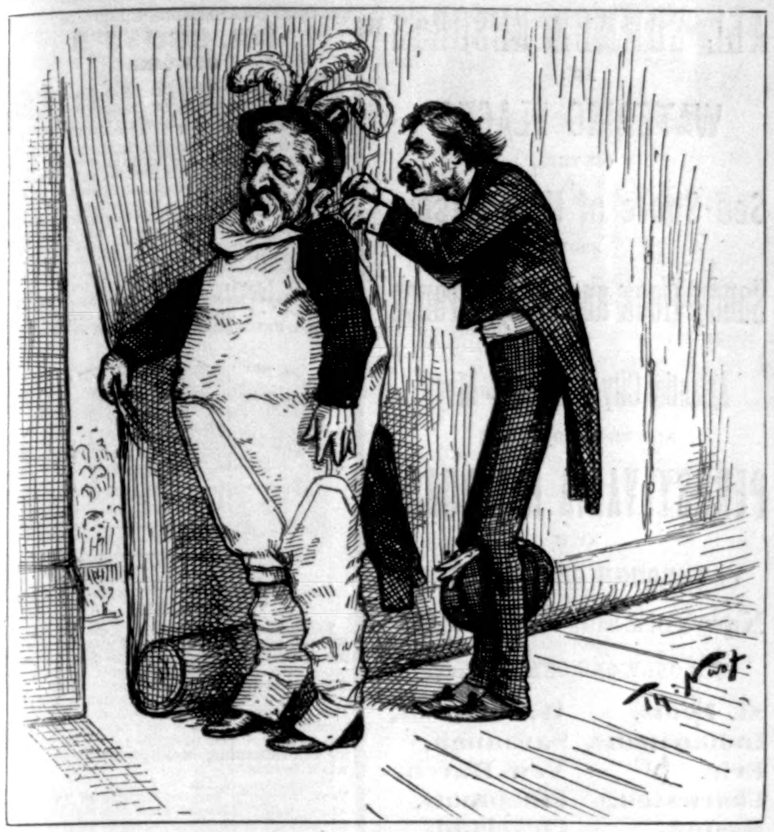

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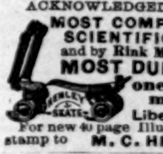

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